THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXVII. NO. 13. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1899. Single Copies 5 Cents.

# A SOLDIER'S COURTSHIP.

## A Tale of Love and Tragedy in the Southwest---A White Girl's Indian Lover---How Lieutenant Duboise Won.

By WILLIAM T. WHITLOCK.
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Lieutenant DuBoise threw away his cigar with an impatient movement, as a horseman, bareheaded and coatless, dashed up the trail leading to Fort L——.

"What is it now?" he demanded, as the cowboy brought his panting mustang to a standstill before the officer's quarters.

"Indians!" said the cowboy, springing to the ground, and looking about with white, scared face.

"Whose band is it?" asked the lieutenant, coolly. "I thought we had driven them all across the Mexican line, and could rest easy for a spell."

It was in the early '80's, when times were unsettling in the southwest, and the lieutenant was annoyed at this interruption of a much needed rest.

"I think it is the Red Cheeks' band, sir," said the cowboy. "About fifty of 'em passed our herd an hour ago. They were headed for the ranch house and the boys 'lowed some of us had better ride over and tell you and ask for help; so I lit out for here. There's nobody at the house but Lofton's wife and her sister, Miss Curtis, and the Chinese cook."

"What in thunder did Lofton mean by leaving those women there alone? Why didn't some of you boys stay with them?"

"Well, you see, boss, Lofton had to go down to Sonora on business that couldn't be put off, and the north herd has been so unruly since the last stampede that it takes all the extra hands to watch 'em. They came near getting away from us twice today already."

"I don't see what can be done. Capt. Jackson has most of the soldiers with him over on the Red Desert, looking for stray redskins who are said to be hiding over there from the reservation, and some of the men must stay at the fort. How many boys are with your herd?"

"Six, besides myself. Something ought to be done quick!"

"Wait here a moment."

A little later, Lieut. DuBoise joined the waiting cowboy. He was mounted on a magnificent black stallion, that plunged and pranced about, champing his bit impatiently as though eager to be springing across the plains.

"The major says no more men can be spared from the fort," he said, regretfully. "I'll ride over to the herd with you and get the other boys, and then all of us will go down to the house. Perhaps Red Cheek's band doesn't intend to cause any trouble, but if so should discover that there were only two defenseless women at the place, there is no telling what the sneaking devils would do."

"No, there is never no telling what them renegade Indians will be up to," said the cowboy as he sprang into his saddle.

"Who is this Miss Curtis you speak of?" asked the lieutenant, as they bounded down the trail.

"She's Mrs. Lofton's sister. She's only been out here a month. Say, mister, she's a beauty. The prettiest little hands and feet you ever saw, and hair that just looks like bleached grass a glistenin' in the sun."

"What is she doing out here in this God-forsaken wilderness?"

"Well, you see, her folks all died back east where she's been a livin' and there wasn't no place for her to go to but her sisters' so Lofton sent for her to come out here. Mrs. Lofton's mighty near tickled to death to have her, but I'm 'feerd it ain't no place for her."

"No, this is no place for eastern-bred women. The life out here is too hard. Most of them droop away and die. The men they meet are too coarse, and what few women they do have to associate with are not all of the best kind. I'm glad Miss Curtis has her sister to look after her. And I hope Mrs. Lofton will see to it that she doesn't fall in love with some rough son of the plains, who will marry her and take her off to a lonely ranch to pine away the rest of her life."

"I guess Mrs. Lofton would be glad if she only had us cowboys to deal with. What'd she think of a delicate eastern woman, like Miss Curtis, marryin' an Indian?"

"What do you mean?" cried the lieutenant, looking sternly at the cowboy.

"Why, Miss Curtis hadn't been out here a week before Red Cheeks came down to see her. Ye needn't look at me like that. Perhaps you didn't know that Red Cheeks was educated at an Indian school back in Pennsylvany, but as quick as he come home, he put on a blanket again and began his devilish tricks, just like an ordinary Indian——"

"Yes, yes, I've heard something like that about Red Cheeks. But what of him and Miss Curtis?"

The cowboy urged his pony forward to keep apace with the long leaping black.

"You see," he said, "Red Cheeks heard there was a girl come out here from the east, and he come down to Lofton's ranch like I said. He hung around all day, pretendin' like he couldn't speak white man's language, as he always does, but I noticed he never took his eyes off Miss Curtis whenever she was in sight——"

"Yes, go on, go on," said the lieutenant, looking interested.

"Well, 'long about sundown, Lofton got tired seein' him sittin' 'round, and asked him what he wanted. Red Cheeks stood up, drew his blanket about him, and said in just as good English as you and me 'd use, boss, said he, 'I want Miss Curtis for a wife. I have lots of ponies and cattle and can keep her like a white woman. I've as good education as she has, and I won't marry a squaw. Give her to me and let me take her away to my home.'

"And what did Lofton say?"

"As soon as he could get over his surprise at hearin' Red Cheeks speak like a white man, he burst into a big laugh; then he got mad—you know him when he's mad—well, then he just turned that Indian around and literally kicked him off the place. That's how I'll give my wife's sister to an Indian renegade,' said Lofton."

"And Red Cheeks?"

"He didn't say anything, but I could see he was mighty riled. He just stalked away across the plain, and none of us saw him again until he passed our camp today."

"In God's name, man, why didn't you tell me that up at the fort? I'd have gone down on my knees and asked the major to give me fifty men to bring with me if I had known that had taken place. There is going to be big trouble over here or I'm greatly mistaken. Let us get there before it is too late. That Indian is capable of doing anything."

The lieutenant dug his spurs fiercely into the sides of his horse, and the black stallion sprang through the air as though shot from a catapult. The cowboy made desperate efforts to keep beside him, but the black seemed merely to touch the ground at long intervals. Lieut. DuBoise leaned forward in his saddle with set face, his dark eyes eagerly scanning the level horizon away to the west. The broiling August sun poured down upon them unmercifully, and the little mustang was white with lather, but neither drew rein.

They had ridden thus for three miles when suddenly the young officer reined in his horse so sharply that the stallion stood for a moment on his hind legs, his fore feet pawing the air. Across the trail lay a heap of gravel, inanimate enough in appearance, but the sight of which brought the blood boiling into the experienced officer's face. For a moment he sat like a statue, his keen eyes searching the ground about him. Then, with a mighty curse, he leaped quickly from his seat, landing squarely upon a long, dark object hidden in the tall, moving grass.

"You'll lay a trap for me, will you?" the cowboy heard him mutter, and the next instant two forms were rolling over and over on the ground in a desperate struggle.

"I have come to call on Miss Curtis."

### CHAPTER II.

Tom Morgan, the cowboy, sat motionless, watching the struggle. Almost unconsciously he had drawn his revolvers from his belt, but even his trained eye could find no opportunity to send a ball at the lieutenant's opponent. The two forms writhed and wriggled like serpents in the brown grass. By the long, black hair that spread out from his head, and the naked arms and legs that now and again showed from between the young officer's blue-coated limbs, Morgan knew that the man with whom DuBoise was so desperately combating was an Indian, but so well did the lieutenant cover his adversary's body, that Tom could catch no glimpse of the red man's face. So he remained seated in his saddle, his fingers nervously lingering about his revolvers' triggers, awaiting a chance to aid the brave soldier with an unerring bullet.

The minutes crept past. Piercer and fiercer grew the struggle between the two men. Their breath came in long panting grunts. At times the Indian made desperate efforts to throw off his captor, lifting his body quickly into the air with such tremendous force that Morgan could hear the crack of his great muscles as they contracted. But the wiry lieutenant sturdily pinned him again to the ground. Each of the combatants was gradually growing weaker and weaker under the terrific strain. At last the Indian put all his remaining strength into one desperate lurch upward, but suddenly allowed his arms to fall to the ground. With the quickness of a cat, the lieutenant's sinewy brown hand closed about his throat, and a few moments later he lay back unconscious and seemingly lifeless.

DuBoise rose stiffly to his feet. His clothes were dripping with perspiration. For a time he stood breathing like one suffocated. Then without a glance toward the

conquered Indian, he moved to the heap of gravel across the trail. With his foot he kicked away the loose sand and earth, revealing to Morgan's astonished eyes a deep trench cunningly covered to avoid detection.

"A moment more and my brave Tajante would have been lying here with a broken leg," said Lieut. DuBoise, walking over to his horse and patting his neck gently. "The great stallion placed his head on his master's shoulder like an affectionate child.

Tom Morgan was speechless with horror. He kept his eyes fixed on the still unconscious Indian.

"It ain't Red Cheeks," he said, after a time.

"No, if I am not mistaken, it is his confederate and companion in devilry, Chesta," said the lieutenant. "He isn't such a bad man naturally, but Red Cheeks leads him into his murderous schemes by threats and promises of plunder. God, but he has the strength of an ox," he said, feeling his own sinewy muscles.

"He wasn't as strong as you, though," said Tom. "What will we do with him?"

"Walk till he comes to. He isn't dead."

"But he might—" began Morgan, and then stopped as the Indian showed signs of returning consciousness.

The dark-skinned Chesta moved uneasily and finally struggled to a sitting position, looking about him in a dazed, bewildered manner. Then his glance fell on the lieutenant, regarding him with a cold, sullen hatred. Across the Indian's blood-shot eyes lighted up with a look of admiration.

"White soldier strong," he said, as though speaking with difficulty. "Red Cheeks like Chesta, stronger than Red Cheeks."

DuBoise burst into a peal of laughter, but I do not care to measure my strength with you again, my friend. And now I fear you should give me another hustle, I am afraid we must bind those wonderful arms of yours."

He made a motion to Morgan who quickly dismounted and removed his pistol belt and between them they securely bound the unresisting Chesta's hands in front.

"I take him on my horse with me. Tajante will carry us both and never feel the weight. You ride behind me and if he attempts to dismount, shoot him the minute he touches the ground," the lieutenant said to Tom Morgan.

He lifted the Indian to the back of Tajante. DuBoise sprang up before him into the saddle, and soon they were out of sight, running like deer. Half an hour later they joined the cowboys of the Lofton ranch who were carefully watching the unruly north herd. The herdsmen stared in wonder at the sight of the lieutenant man saw fit to relieve their curiosity.

"Boys, the herd will have to look after itself for a time," said Lieut DuBoise. "You must come with me to the house."

The cowboys followed without questioning. Having left the herd to its own devices. Even as they rode away, the cattle began to feed restlessly to and fro like discontented spirits.

The sun was sinking in a glorious resplendence when the party of men drew rein before the Lofton ranch house. The tall arbutus weeds were lazily waving their yellow flowers to and fro in the evening breeze, and the grasses along the outgoing slough were blazing red and brilliant in the fading light. A short distance away a gentle stream of the ranch were cropping the dampening grass as peacefully as though it were entirely alone. The little low, one-storied dwelling with the clustering stables and corrals made a pretty, homelike picture on that far-reaching prairie. The lieutenant's face softened as he regarded it, and he thought of his life in the far-away states where he had been a careless, happy boy surrounded with his mother's care and a sister's love. His musing was interrupted by the sight of the mistress of the ranch at the open door, and he noted that she was the wife of a cowboy. Mrs. Lofton came hastily down the veranda steps.

"Oh, lieutenant, I am so glad to see you, and the boys have come," she cried, reaching her hand up to the officer. "Red Cheeks and some of his band passed here this afternoon and Elinor, that is my sister, and I have scarcely taken a long breath. Why, what have you there?" she asked, as her eyes fell on the stolid-faced Chesta.

"Only an Indian vagabond that Morgan and I captured on our way down," said DuBoise, smiling.

"Why have you bound him in that manner?" she asked, pityingly. "He looks so weary and exhausted."

Tom Morgan burst into a loud guffaw. The lieutenant silenced him with a look.

"We thought it best to bring him along, and we were afraid to trust him with his hands free," he said. "But now, if you will allow us to put up our horses, we would like to spend the night here, Mrs. Morgan and I are slightly weary ourselves."

"Of course you are and you may stay when we are frightened so. I wouldn't care myself if it were not for Elinor. Have you heard that Red Cheeks was in the country?" isn't that a joke? But go on and put up your horses and we will have dinner ready when you come back."

She ran lightly back up the veranda steps and disappeared, and the men rode away to the stables.

After he had seen Tajante carefully stalled for the night, Lieut. DuBoise walked slowly back to the house. His face in repose was sternly set as he thought over the events of the afternoon. He took wearily down upon the veranda steps, and gazed out across the landscape, moodily. It was a hazy, tiring satisfaction he felt in knowing when he thought how his life might have been if Red Cheeks had not foolishly joined the army when a mere boy, and from that time on had been true and steadfast, one frontier post to another, winning his lieutenant stripes by pure grit and unfailing nerve in times of danger.

A great, undefinable longing came over him as he thought, how, if things had been different, he might now be the possessor of a home in the states, with loved ones to care for him and to watch for his coming, instead of being merely one of Uncle Sam's brave servants, with no one near to share his troubles and pleasures. Then his square jaw set closely together again, and the old reckless look came back into his eyes. He had made his bed and would lie on it like a man, not like a whining cadet.

"My sister says that you are Lieut. DuBoise," said a voice that drove him, that sent a thrill through his body. She says you have come to spend the night at the ranch and that now we can rest in peace and can be protected at the thought of these horrid Indians."

Before she had finished speaking, DuBoise had leaped to his feet and stood gazing up into the face of Elinor Curtis. It seemed to the young officer as she stood with one slim hand resting on the veranda railing, and looking smilingly down at him, that her eyes were two great turquoises set in mother of pearl, and that her loosely coiled hair was simply a band of spun gold wound around her fair, delicate face. She was dressed in a simple gown of light blue, that fell in graceful folds about her slender form, but DuBoise looked at the clothes of these horrid Indians."

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"You must be very hungry after your long ride," she said, with kindly interest that set the lieutenant's pulses beating. "Mr. Morgan and I have been hard at work preparing supper for you, and I fear you will come in and find it all cold before we can make you comfortable."

She turned toward the door as she spoke, and the tall, square-shouldered lieutenant, who had faced death in its most terrible form without flinching, the man who was noted in three territories for his great coolness during skirmishes by the steps after her like an embarrassed school boy.

"Ah, the prodigal son of the ranch house he paused and called to a cowboy who was crossing the yard, "I've got a present for that Indian up here. I'll feel safer if I have him where I can keep my eye on him."

## CHAPTER III.

The interior of the Lofton living room with its cozy comfort and feminine tact, filled DuBoise with a sense of relief after the strain of the past few days. With a long drawn sigh as he sank into one of the cushioned chairs he looked about him. Near one of the broad windows stood a cottage piano, and on the floor was scattered about it on the floor, and a dainty piece of needlework that seemed to have been thrown down hastily on the corner of a stool. The lieutenant was passionately fond of music, and the sight of the old ivory keys seemed to soothe him. But before he could touch them, in the midst of such an instrument in an Arizona ranch house, his hostess entered, followed by the Chinese cook, who carried the supper. A few moments later he found himself seated opposite Miss Curtis at the daintily spread table.

"Do you know I can't help comparing this room with my quarters at the fort," he said, as the meal progressed.

"Why, I did not suppose you soldiers ever give a thought to your surroundings," cried Mrs. Lofton. "I am sure from some of the many machines that one always associates you with, you have no feminine qualities whatever."

"We care more for the comforts of a home than you give us credit for," said the lieutenant. "And the sight of a place like this, with its cozy corners and flowers overwhelms me, after a protracted stay on the plains."

"Well, you might have seen this room many times if the ranch were more handily. "Lofton said I have asked you often enough to visit us, but you always refused. Now, Elinor, Elinor will make a comfortable little picture on that far-reaching prospect. The lieutenant's face softened as he regarded it, and he thought of his life in the far-away states where he had been a careless, happy boy surrounded with his mother's care and a sister's love. His musing was interrupted by the sight of the mistress of the ranch at the open door, and he noted that she was the wife of a cowboy. Mrs. Lofton came hastily down the veranda steps.

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The others laughed.

"Bring him some more," commanded Mrs. Lofton, and the three sat watching the Indian with smiling faces.

Elinor had vacated her seat for Chesta, and she now came to DuBoise's side of the table, and half in fear drew closer to his side. A fold of her skirt had fallen across the foot of the lieutenant's boot, and one of her hands lay dangerously near his own. He felt a tender, almost irresistible desire to clasp those fingers within his own brown palm.

At last Chesta gave a grunt of satisfaction and settled back in his chair, and again fastened the Indian's hands to his side.

"Now, my girl," he said to Chesta; "you are a brave Indian, but I can't trust you with your hands free yet."

Chesta allowed his muscular face to relax with a grin.

"White woman heap too much good for Red Cheeks. Make strong soldier good wife," he said, fastening his beady eyes first on Elinor, then on DuBoise.

Elinor laughed mischievously; DuBoise, with a quaint, womanly air, pretended not to hear, but in reality was eagerly watching to see which one of the two girls Chesta would select.

"Won't you give me some music?" he asked, boldly. "I have heard nothing like it for months and months and for two years, and am simply famishing for melody."

Elinor arose from the table without speaking, and soon the room was filled with sweet, plaintive melody, drawn from the Italian instrument. DuBoise sat as one enraptured, and it seemed that he could not keep his eyes off his weary soul. Chesta looked a bronze statue as he regarded the two white people.

"Heap too good for Red Cheeks," he said as Elinor ceased playing. "Too good for brave soldier." His voice seemed strained and husky.

"And won't you sing for us?" pleaded the lieutenant. "It is so long since I have heard a woman sing."

Elinor busied herself for a moment with her music, and then stood some distance upon the music rack. But before she had struck the first chords there came from Chesta a resounding knock at the door. The occupants of the room sprang to their feet, startled.

Chesta had become wildly excited.

He stood erect, his eyes rolling in a loud whisper. "Him not know soldier here. Red Cheeks kill him. Red Cheeks kill all." He steal white woman." He tugged frantically at his bonds. "Him bad Indian. Thief. Murder. No love white woman like soldier. Chesta love white girl. Chesta love her." Cutie Chesta's hands. Him fight for soldier. No love Red Cheeks. Chesta love soldier stronger than Chesta, stronger than Red Cheeks." He crept on silently and noiselessly and surprisingly into his face. "Fight for soldier," he said, earnestly.

Tom Morgan was searchingly into the Indian's dark eyes. Then he quietly unfastened the bonds that held the savage's wrists.

"Remember, I trust you," he said, sternly. "Keep your hands free and reasonably."

And then, with the two women hovering timidly behind him, Lieut. DuBoise cautiously opened the door.

## CHAPTER IV.

The light from the room streamed out across the veranda and fell full upon the tall form of the notorious Red Cheeks. He took one step into his room as they faced each other on Lieut. DuBoise, and he involuntarily placed his hand upon the shoulder in a startled glance.

"What do you want here?" demanded the lieutenant.

Red Cheeks drew his blanket about him and then looked squarely into the other's face. It was plain to be seen that he was no coward.

"I have come to call on Miss Curtis," he said, boldly. "Now all the men on the ranch covering and stood revealed to their astonished gaze. The evening cool, with its short, coal-black hair was parted neatly in the middle, and his strong squillace face was framed in the collar of white shirt front. Even his feet were encased in the orthodox shoes and leggings. He stood down at his own coarse cavalry boots and then looked inquiringly at Elinor.

Mrs. Lofton gave a little cry, half of admiration and surprise and wound her arms about her sister's waist.

"We are sorry, Mr.—ah—Red Cheeks—but Miss Curtis cannot receive you this evening," she managed to say. "Some other evening, perhaps."

But Red Cheeks scarcely seemed to hear her. He quietly stepped over the sill and into the house, and had fallen on Chesta, who stood with his arms folded, glaring defiantly at his enemies. Red Cheeks' dark eyes began to glitter dangerously. But for the lieutenant's restraining hand, he would have sprung upon the Indian.

Sorry to have disturbed you," he said, "but when his duty calls one to a meet, as he added: "Yes, some other evening, or some morning—or, at least, some time, I shall be glad to call." Then he turned and in his evil face as he backed slowly down toward the steps.

With a choking cry of anger the lieutenant sprang after him, but almost before he had crossed the threshold, Chesta bounded forward and with a great effort drew him back into the room.

"No, no fellow him. Red Cheeks run, then Chesta kill. Fellow Indians rise up out of grass and shoot," he said, closing and locking the door. "Chesta fight here." In the next instant he had vanished noiselessly into the kitchen. Mrs. Lofton, with a woman's air of astonishment and a moment later the Celestial came rushing into the room, chattering with indignation. The woman gone out like mouse. No shutee door, like ghost," he cried.

Mrs. Lofton quickly silenced him with a warning wave of her hand, and then turning to the others, she said in a voice trembling with excitement:

"Oh, wasn't he splendid! But that look in his eyes as he stepped off the veranda; it will haunt me always?" She sank into a chair, sobbing hysterically.

Elinor Curtis had grown strangely pale, she advanced toward Lieut. DuBoise, her great blue eyes pleadingly fixed on his face. "I thought him beaten enough dressed as an Indian, but in a white man's garb he looked a demon."

She placed a white hand on DuBoise's arm. The officer felt himself thrill at her touch.

"My sister says you are brave and strong," she said. "Promise me that you will protect me from this man?"

With a sudden impulse he put both his strong arms about her and drew her unresisting to his breast.

"I promise as I live that brute in man's form shall never pollute your presence again," he said in deep, earnest tones. And then he stood for a moment in blissful unconsciousness of all danger, conscious only that he held her in his arms, that her beautiful golden head rested against his shoulder, and that her heart beat as though in response to his own.

At last he bent his head down toward her and whispered: "And after all danger is over, and I have proved my love, will you then?"

She nestled her head closer against him. He put forth to hand and covered her face up to his.

"Then?" he asked.

She hid her face again on his shoulder. "Then to me whom you have protected by terror and I will tell you," she murmured.

A glad, exultant look came into his eyes at her words, but he said nothing more for just as a slight noise was heard in the kitchen beyond, and he turned with composed manner as Mrs. Lofton followed by the others came into the room.

"Boys," he addressed them, "Red Cheeks has been here and has gone away. There is no doubt in my mind but that he will return to-night. Not an eye must be closed to-night, except those of the two ladies here, and I trust to you, my friends, to see that these brave men and myself will do all in our power to protect them." He spoke in a tender commanding motion toward Elinor and she came at once to his side. She drew her better with gentle persistence from the room, but as she reached the door she turned and gave him a lingering look over her shoulder.

"Good night, lieutenant," she said.

"Good night, my love. Be brave," he answered, in a low voice.

"Oh, Lieutenant DuBoise, don't let them harm us," said Mrs. Lofton.

DuBoise turned forward to reassure her, but at that moment the Chinaman whose demoniacal face had appeared at the door and

ta gave a deep-voiced chuckle. When Dulloise turned again, the door had closed between him and the two women.

"There must be a guard set about the house tonight, and not a living thing must be allowed to approach it until morning," he said at once, his resourceful brain working rapidly. "Keep a sharp lookout for fire. The stables would burn like tinder and the flames soon spread to the house. You boys know more about the surroundings than I do. Place yourselves where you think any of Red Cheeks' band would be most likely to effect an entrance. Chasta must creep out and spy on their movements, and I will watch beneath the ladies' window."

The boys crept out of the room without speaking. There was no sign of fear on their faces. Dulloise looked after them in admiration. A few moments later the apartment was darkened and vacant save for the Chinese cook who cowered beneath the lounge.

* * * * *

As the door closed on Elinor and Mrs. Lofton, the latter began sobbing afresh.

"It was I who was so brave all day, but now I am terrified, and you seem so calm. Aren't you afraid?" she asked.

"Yes, I am afraid," said Elinor. She had loosened her hair it fell in long waves about her form, "but not for myself."

"Why then are you frightened"

"Lest they should harm—should harm Lieut. Dulloise." She turned away her face with a blush, and pretended to be busy with her hair.

Mrs. Lofton glanced up in astonishment. Then a knowing look came into her eyes. She almost smiled, but instead she burst into tears again.

"Oh, if my husband were only here, I would be brave, too," she wailed.

"Sister, I believe I know now why women feel capable of anything when beside their husbands," said Elinor, speaking through the screening strands of her locks. Then she quickly extinguished the light.

"You darling goose!" cried Mrs. Lofton, stretching out her arms affectionately in the dark. "I am so glad. He is all that is noble in a man. Let us pray that nothing will happen before morning, anyway."

This highly interesting story of love and tragedy on the frontier will be completed in next week's issue.

See our special subscription offer on page thirteen.

* * *

### OUR GREATEST NEED.

By Ella Martin.

At times the heart seems all on fire
With yearnings, more bitter than sweet,
A restless longing, a nameless desire,
That rendered life intolerable were
Who then, methinks, if the truth were shown,
We long for friends that we never have known.

The empty space in our hearts today,
Is not for friends of the past,
Whose fickle regard has passed away
With the years that ebbed so fast;
But our heart's great need, if the truth were known,
Are friends that are yet untried and unknown.

Yet those whom we long so much to know,
Perchance we never shall greet,
And our life go on in its even flow,
With those whom we chance to meet,
But our greatest need, if the truth were known,
Are friends that are dearer than any we've known.

* * *

### Office Required Tact.

The day was cold—very cold, in fact—and the postmaster at Susquaha, a small Canadian town, fell asleep over the stove in his easy chair before he had read half the postcards, says Pearson's Weekly. The noisy breathing aside of the reed curtain that served for a door brought him back from dreamland with a start. A strapping six-foot Indian in all his glory of a top hat, stood before him, calmly majestic.

"Want letter," impressively commanded the dusky caller.

"Name, please?" urbanely inquired the postmaster.

"Guahano my name. Want letter."

"Sorry, Gushano, but there's nothing here for you."

"Want letter."

"But there isn't any for you."

"Injeno got letter?"

"Well, somebody wrote him one, then."

"Me chief? Injeno no chief?"

"Can't help that, old man. You see, it—"

"Give Injeno letter! No Guahano letter! I fight! I kill! Want letter!"

"What's the matter here?" cried an old British resident, breaking in at this juncture.

"He's going to kill me because I won't give him a letter when there's none for him."

"Pshaw! Just tear off a piece of wrapping paper, sprinkle some ink over it and give it to him. You've got to use some tact and judgment in officiating this office, old chap."

* * *

### Dots and Dashes.

According to a late order from the department of war the first payment the United States will make in the Philippine district will be to pay out a few miles of marine cable.

She—I'm surprised that you could recommend to me such a frightful book! It actually made my hair stand on end!

He—Why, I read the book, and it didn't affect me that way!

### Wouldn't Boil Soft.

When Mrs. Youngwife began housekeeping among the bits of advice that her mother gave to the inexperienced young woman was this:

"As to boiling, remember that the longer a thing boils the softer it gets. Rice, hominy and cabbage are often spoiled by not being boiled enough."

Mrs. Youngwife assimilated the words of wisdom, and the night before her essay at a breakfast she asked her husband what he would like.

"My dear, eggs are simple and easy to prepare. Boil half a dozen and be sure that they are soft boiled. A hard boiled egg is worse than a cold mince pie."

Mrs. Youngwife smiles sweetly and knowingly, and next morning she was up early, and before George was awake she had the water boiling. An hour later they sat down to the table, and George attempted to open an egg with his knife, but it resisted his efforts as a thing that is unsifted.

"Dear," he said, gently, but sorrowfully, "I told you I liked my eggs soft boiled."

Mrs. Youngwife burst into tears.

"I had them boiling fifty-five minutes by the clock," she sobbed, "but they wouldn't get soft!"

* * *

### Sunshiny Women.

I know a man who says he fell in love with the woman who is now his wife because she was always cheerful in dull weather; that one summer they found themselves under the same roof for a number of weeks, and that the other folks would always make the discovery a long time before this girl that it was raining and insufferably dull, says a correspondent. The damp, dull weather did not seem to dampen her cheerfulness, and she always came down in the morning smiling and cheery. Such a woman this man rightly considered was worth her weight in gold. She would always be able to get the best and happiest of life, and she always has.

When a woman greets you at her door with a smile and starts her chatting in a happy vein, you are at once glad that you have gone to see her, and you forget your own worries, if you have any, and join with her in discussing only the happier affairs of your life and hers and the lives of other people that you know.

A fine CAMERA given FREE with every yearly subscription to the Chicago Ledger. See our special offer on page thirteen.

While Uncle Samuel is saying "Ah-g-waen-aldo!" Spain is crying "Ah-g'win-aldo!"


# Confidence

Women confide their troubles to Mrs. Pinkham and rely upon her advice.

Mrs. Pinkham's counsel is safe counsel.

Woman's life is a constant crisis. From girlhood to womanhood, then to motherhood and so on to the perils of the "change of life." The history of every step is on Mrs. Pinkham's records thousands of times and her vast experience and confidential advice is at the free disposal of every woman who writes to her for aid. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

### "Your Medicine Is a Godsend," Writes Mrs. Phillips.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I want to thank you for what you have done for me. When I wrote to you last June I was almost a total wreck from female weakness. I was troubled with irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, soreness, and swelling of abdomen; pain at right and left of womb; headache, backache, nervousness, and could neither eat nor sleep well.

"Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills, and using your Sanative Wash, I do not feel like the same person. I am so glad that I wrote to you, for you have helped me very much. My nerves are stronger and more steady than ever before in my life, and my backache and all those terrible pains are gone. Before taking your medicine I weighed less than one hundred and thirty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. My friends say I look better than they ever saw me, and I know that I feel better than I have for a good many years. I think your medicine is a godsend to poor, weak women."—MRS. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Illinois.

### Mrs. Barnard Cured by Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR FRIEND—I feel it my duty to express my gratitude and thanks to you for what your medicine has done for me. I was very miserable and losing flesh very fast, had bladder trouble, fluttering pains about the heart and would get so dizzy and suffered with painful menstruation. I was reading in a paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I wrote to you, and after taking two bottles I felt like a new person. Your Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me and I cannot praise it enough."—MRS. J. O. BARNARD, Milltown, Washington Co., Me.

The women of America have in Mrs. Pinkham a confidential friend whose advice is always at their disposal, free of charge. The knowledge that women only assist Mrs. Pinkham in her correspondence with women about health, makes it possible for the full details to be given without hesitation.

### Mrs. Cobb Cured of a Great Affliction.

"I think it is my duty to write you what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I suffered with itching of the external parts for six years, and was in misery day and night. I lost flesh and became weak. I tried everything I could think of. My husband wanted me to see a doctor, but I could not consent to that. He then wanted me to try your medicine, and this I agreed to do. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am to-day a changed woman. I am free from my misery, and can go to bed and sleep like a baby. I can work with comfort, and it does not tire me as it did to walk. Your remedies have done wonders for me, and cannot be praised enough. I would not be without them. They cured me of a great affliction, and why should they not cure others? I would advise every suffering woman to give them a trial."—MRS. J. S. E. COBB, Bridgeton Center, Me.

**Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice---A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.**

# A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

## *The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined--The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.*

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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SYNOPSIS.

Gaspard and Helene de Fontenelle, twins, and place their mother's death feared by Madam Beaumont, are one of their twenty-four birthdays left alone with their father. Indicted Pedro Casella for service and returns to them to visit their dying father. They travel a long distance into the forest of Fountainbleau with Pedro, and come to an old castle, the hidden court of a band of robbers known as the Scarlet Masks. They find that their father is chief of the robbers and is dying. He commands Gaspard to take his place as chief and in a second has wrongs done to the father and mother. He tells his children that in the youth he had lived with Armande de Kercheval, whose son, a dissolute fellow, had married Gaspard's daughter by a former husband. Soon after Armande suffered a paralytic stroke of which he died, having him charged with theft in order to secure the child of young Mrs. Fontenelle, but the lady died of a broken heart and Fontenelle joined the Scarlet Masks and in time became their chief. Gaspard becomes the chief of the Scarlet Masks. Helene remains to aid him. Pedro falls in love with her. Charles de Kercheval, now growing old, has returned after twenty years to the old chateau with a beautiful daughter Marguerite is with him. He son Jean, in search of which he left his guard, will soon visit his father and sister. Gaspard, as chief of the robbers, has ordered Conrard to kill Armande, who is now living in the old enemy. Gaspard, hating the awful task, refuses to do so. Thereupon the two of the bandits tie in wait for Armande, but Gaspard is shot dead by Conrard, and Helene then became chief of the Scarlet Masks and plans to avenge her father's wrongs and her brother's death. Old Marquis St. Maur, whose house adjoin those of the de Kercheval, dies, and his estranged son, Maurice comes home as heir to the estate. The de Kerchevals have never seen Maurice and Helene, who visits the old Mansion disguise and learns that the bandits are the retreat and dressed in his clothes and with his carriage drives to the Maur chateau, and afterward she calls on the de Kerchevals as Maurice St. Maur and makes love to Marguerite. Charles de Kercheval is anxious to marry her to the supposed St. Maur, as he himself has squandered his son and daughter's patrimony, which they were to come into on their twenty-fifth birthday. Helene, as Maurice St. Maur, pretends to love Marguerite. They become engaged and are married at the village inn and bribe to the bandit retreat. Marguerite is the bandits' prisoner. Helene is chief of the bandits and tells Marguerite she is the daughter in order that he may suffer shame. Helene then plans to crush Armande. She goes to Paris as a young heiress and Armande meets and falls in love with her, not knowing that as a man she has married his sister.

CHAPTER XV.--(Continued.)

The face she lifted to his was more beautiful than he had ever seen it before, with a rich flush in the cheeks and a soft light in the wondrous dark eyes.

"I love you," she replied.

With an inarticulate cry of joy he sank on his knees beside her and drew her in his arms. And, as his lips touched hers, the color died out of her face, leaving her white as marble.

It was half an hour later.

Armande de Kercheval, his handsome eyes radiant with happiness, had taken his departure, and the maid had ushered in Pedro, who had been waiting some little time. The latter stood motionless in a silent just beyond the portieres until the girl had left the room. Then he sprang forward and bent over Helene as she reclined among the silken pillows.

"So," he cried, "you have forgotten the wrongs of your father and brother. You are, after all, but a weak-hearted woman, as, and you have yielded your heart to the man whose hand sent your brother to his death."

She lifted her head and stared at him in haughty astonishment. His face was livid, his eyes wild with conflicting passions, his features distorted.

"What do you mean?" she asked, with a frown.

"When I arrived about half an hour ago," he replied, hoarsely, evidently controlling himself only by a mighty effort of will, "I made a mistake in the room to which the maid bade me go and was met by that same portiere and was about to enter, when I swore"--the words died in his throat with a muttered curse.

She looked at him with cold, contemptuous eyes. She was quite unmoved.

"Well, what did you see?" she quietly asked.

Again he struggled for self-control before he replied.

"I saw you in the arms of Armande de Kercheval," he at length murmured. "I heard you tell him that--that you loved him."

A quiver ran through his strong frame as he spoke, and the girl's beautiful lips curled with infinite scorn.

"And from this, I suppose, you leaped to the wild conclusion that I have abandoned my purpose of revenge?" she quietly remarked.

"Yes" he answered, amazement mingling with the wild passions which distorted his features. "You love Armande de Kercheval."

"That is no concern of yours," she replied, haughtily. "It is sufficient for you to know that I have not abandoned my purpose to be avenged, that I never have, never could falter, for one moment, in that purpose. Now, enough of that. That I do not resent your manner of calling me to an account is because I remember that you loved my father, that you have no wrongs done to you, she looked steadily, unflinchingly in his eyes as she sank back again among the pillows.

Pedro drew back from the couch and wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow. His face was colorless, his strong hand trembled like a woman's.

"Here in the money," he said, laying a box of gold on the couch beside her. "Five hundred guineas, and when you desire more--"

"It is hardly likely that I shall need any more," she interrupted him, coldly and wearily. "It will not be necessary for me to remain in Paris much longer."

Pedro's gloomy eyes lighted eagerly and a dark red flush crossed the swarthy pallor of his cheek.

"Now tell me, what are the latest reports from the Chateau de Kercheval?" asked Mlle. Helene.

"The Count de Kercheval is very much broken in health and nerves," replied Pedro. "He has new pressure on the same since the night of his daughter's marriage. The girl is pale and sad, but brightens considerably in the company of the Marquis St. Maur, who is a frequent visitor."

"Ah, 'tis well!" Helene, her eyes lighting exultantly. "It will end as I desire."

Pedro stood with folded arms, regarding her moodily from his half-closed lids. He had spoken mechanically.

"Does she love Armande de Kercheval?" was the thought which surged through his brain and stung and tortured him almost to madness. "God! could any woman have feigned such love as I saw in her eyes, heard in her voice? He is a man worthy the love of any woman, and she is but a woman, after all, and they are all alike when they love. Death and hell! I will kill her before she shall belong to another."

"I presume you know that Armande de Kercheval has sworn to avenge his sister's wrong at the hands of the Chief of the Scarlet Masks?" said Helene. "He maintains that some day, sooner or later, he shall kill him. About a month ago he told me of the ill which had befallen the house of de Kercheval, which had blighted his sister's young life and bowed his father with sorrow to the grave. Perceive that the Count de Kercheval has caused it to appear that the chief of the Scarlet Masks died avenging his comrade's death at the hands of Armande de Kercheval."

"Yes, that is the general impression," said Pedro. "And, apparently, there was no other motive."

"I believe that the Count de Kercheval has made away with the daughter of his son and daughter," said Helene, "and that is why he was so desperately anxious to marry his daughter to the Marquis St. Maur. Ah! there was nothing unnatural about the house of de Kercheval," she continued, half to herself, as though she had forgotten the presence of Pedro. "It is a family secret alone, but also retribution which has overtaken Charles, Count de Kercheval."

She aroused herself and turned toward Pedro.

"When do you return to the retreat?" she asked.

"At once," he replied.

"Then adieu for the present," she said, dismissing him with a gesture of her hand, and, with white face and gloomy brow, he went from her presence.

And when she was alone all the color died from her face, leaving it white and haggard. She cowered down among the pillows, and, with a cry of exceeding bitterness, wrung her hands in despair.

"Oh, God!" she murmured, "I am but a woman after all. Ah! the bliss, the rapture and the supreme torture of his tender words, his passionate caresses. I thought that the touch of the hand which dealt death to Gaspard would freeze me by my blood with horror and repulsion, but that same hand thrills me with a mad joy which is half agony."

She crouched, for some moments, in an attitude of abject despair. Then suddenly lifted her face, white and worn, but cold, resolute and determined.

"It is over!" she cried. "The woman's heart is silenced forever!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Father, dear!"

The Count de Kercheval started as the low, sweet voice of his daughter fell upon his ear.

He was sitting in the library with some accounts which Jean had brought on the writing table before him. But when Marguerite entered he was sitting idle, his head bowed upon his breast. In the past two months he had aged years. His face was lined and haggard, his eyes had a hunted look.

He lifted his head with a faint smile, as Marguerite came forward and knelt down by his side. He laid his hand tenderly upon her fair head and looked with sad eyes into the sweet face lifted to his. It was no longer the radiant face of happy girlhood. The cheeks had lost their pink bloom, the forget-me-not eyes were heavily shadowed, the sweet lips drooped pathetically.

"You wished to speak to me, papa?" she said.

"Yes," he replied, "I have some news for you. I have a letter from Armande. It seems that he has fallen desperately in love with a Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont, a beauty and an heiress. He letter says that she returns his love and has promised to become his wife, for a moment the haggard eyes of the count brightened.

"Oh, I am very glad that dear Armande will be happy," said Marguerite, and the unconscious pathos of the sweet voice brought the shadows back heavily to the face of the Count de Kercheval.

"Armande writes that he will soon pay us a visit," he added.

At that moment a servant entered and announced that the Marquis St. Maur was in the drawing room.

The Count de Kercheval, who had turned toward the door, did not see the vivid pink which flooded the cheeks nor the quick, glad light which leaped, for a moment, to her eyes.

"Go to the marquis, my child," said the Count, "I will join you later."

The girl rose slowly to her feet and left the room.

The Marquis St. Maur came forward to meet her when she entered the drawing room.

As she met his eager eyes her own fell and, blushing, she gave him her hand, the cheeks deepened to pink. He took her hand and his brown head over her fair, drooping one.

"Marguerite," he cried, passionately, "Marguerite, my darling, my sweet, dearest, speak to me, do you love me?"

"Yes," she murmured.

But, as he put out his arms to draw her to him, she suddenly shrank back, covering her out both hands to keep him from her, while she averted her face from her face, leaving her whiter than marble.

"No! no!" she cried. --"Oh, God! I had forgotten. You do not know--you cannot claim a--wife!"

"A marriage was but a mockery," cried the Marquis St. Maur, passionately. "You have given me freedom without the slightest difficulty. Surely you know this, Marguerite."

She looked up into his face with eyes the utter hopelessness of which struck a chill into his heart.

"I shall never be free to marry so long as I live," she replied, bitterly. "I am a Catholic, and my church forbids it."

"Then, 'tis well," he said, coldly. "I have grown to love you unconsciously," she continued, drearily. "--I did not know until you spoke. I never knew--" She broke off with a shudder. "It was but a girlish fancy which I quickly discovered abhorrence when I knew him as he really was. But so long as I live I shall never be the wife of another."

The Marquis St. Maur stood before her with a white face, the radiance and tenderness in his eyes having given place to coldness.

The first moment that his eyes rested upon her in the drawing room Marguerite's pale and dismayed, but lovely in her white robes of mourning, with the soft, fleecy borders and golden, flower-crowned head, she had told him as no woman ever had done before. Even in the gloomy journey from the Chateau de Kercheval had been full of joy to him, for, in the dark, when he thought she had clung to him, trusted him in her fear, and mistaken her consternation for love when he awoke to the fact that he loved her with a fierce passion that he was determined to win her, for he was sure that her love for the chief of the Scarlet Masks was dead.

He had overlooked one fact, the most important, Marguerite was a devout Catholic and that in order to free herself from her marriage vows to marry him she must renounce her religion.

And it was this barrier he was powerless. He could not ask her to sin for him before her conscience and her God.

"Marguerite," he said, at last, at length, in a dull voice from which all the passion had died, "I am sorry I spoke--sorry I offended you. Forgive me, Marguerite, if I have unwittingly shocked you. I thought you knew I thought to lift the shadow from your life. I had no desire to shielding you henceforth from the breath of pain. God! God!" clenching his hands in sudden fierce anger, "if I could but meet that woman face to face the obstacle to our happiness would soon be removed."

A wan smile crossed her lips.

"Armande de Kercheval swore to kill him," she said. "But," shuddering, "we have more cause to fear him, I think."

And the Marquis St. Maur, remembering the skill with which the young chief had carried out his fearful plot, the many years which the Bandits of the Scarlet Masks had defied pursuit and evaded the hands of justice, felt the utter hopelessness of bringing to justice the bold young bandit chief his crime against Marguerite.

He could not forget the awful look of despair and fear on the face of the Count de Kercheval when his daughter delivered the message of the bandit chief, and the suspicion at the time that the count's explanation was false had but strengthened.

"Marguerite, my love, my darling!" cried the young marquis, passionately, despairingly, "there is nothing left for you and me save to part!"

"To part," she repeated, mechanically.

"Yes," he continued, "I love you too dearly to remain by your side and be nothing to you. It would drive me mad."

"You are right," she said, slowly, "we must part. Now that I know how it is with us it would be a sin for me to find the happiness in your presence which is mine, for I forget all save that you are with me."

"My love, my darling!" he cried, and sprang forward to clasp her in his arms, but the next moment drew back, mastering himself with a supreme effort of will.

He took her little white hand and lifted it reverently to his lips.

"Because I reverence, you dear, as much as I love you," he said. "I leave you. Promise me that on the day that sees you free you will send for me."

"I promise," she whispered, with pale, quivering lips. "But, Maurice, it is better that you should forget me, I want you to be happy."

An infinitely sad smile crossed his lips.

"I shall never forget you nor cease to love you while life throbs within my veins," he said, and with one long, long look into her sweet, white face, he turned and hastily passed from the room.

A little while later the Count de Kercheval entered the drawing room.

Marguerite was standing alone in the center of the room. She had not moved from the spot where her father's hand had left her.

"Why, where is the marquis, Marguerite?" asked the Count de Kercheval.

She turned slowly and the count uttered a startled cry at the sight of her colorless face and wide, despairing eyes.

"He has gone forever," she replied, in a dull, tired voice.

The Count de Kercheval sprang quickly to her side.

"My child, what do you mean?" he cried. "Marguerite, what has happened to you? What makes you look like this?"

"Father, my heart is broken," she murmured.

Her eyes closed and she swayed toward him. He caught her in his arms. And, as her head fell upon his breast, Helene Face resting against his breast, he cried aloud:

"My God! Where will this end?"

CHAPTER XVII.

With gloomy eyes and frowning brow Pedro was approaching through the lower portion of the great hall. It was the morning following his return from Paris.

Suddenly he was witnessed between Helene and Armande de Kercheval was stamped upon his face, goaded him almost to madness. Not for one moment could he forget Helene's face, tender, pas-


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Any man who desires to quit using tobacco can do so in a manner that will be thoroughly effective manner without any sufferings or lessening tension. The remedy is perfectly harmless, and anyone may have a free trial package by sending name and address to Dr. Bogers Bruce, Chemical Co., 24 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O. Write at once for the free trial. The test will cost you nothing and will be you a remarkable antidote for tobacco. It is a splendid remedy for anyone who uses tobacco and will save to many a man the price of clothes, that otherwise, would be blown up in smoke.

# HAD TOBACCO HEART.

**Hon. Wm. A. Hell Tells How He Overcame a Killing Habit.**

**Cigars, Cigarettes and Fine Cut Had Nearly Destroyed His Nerves.**

The Hon. William A. Hell, of Cynthiana, Ky., has a very vivid recollection of the harmful effects of tobacco upon the system. He says: "I have lived to be cured had he not by mere accident learned of a simple home remedy recently discovered by a Cincinnati chemist.

Mr. Hell's experience with tobacco dates back to the days of cheap cigars and cigarettes, and added to this was a beautiful craving for chewing tobacco. His heart began to trouble him, he was unstrung, and as he puts it, in two months he would have been in the grave or a mad house. When a friend, which cured Mr. Hell is called Tobacco Shaw coffee, and anyone can have a free trial of the remedy by sending name and address to Dr. Rogers Bruce & Chemical Co., 24 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O. Write at once for the free trial. The test will cost you nothing and will be you a remarkable antidote for tobacco. It is a splendid remedy for anyone who uses tobacco and will save to many a man the price of clothes, that otherwise, would be blown up in smoke.

sionate, more beautiful than he had ever seen it before.

A woman came slowly down the hall toward him, her eyes, through heavy half-closed lids, intently studying his face. It was Hortense.

As she drew near to him he looked up, saw her and stopped. She also paused and a faint color stained the lily-like hue of her cheek.

"How restless you are, Pedro," she said, "and how stern and gloomy you look."

He looked at her indifferently and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"You do not appear to bring back pleasant recollections from Paris," she continued, and watched the frown deepen on his brow. "Does not the clever plot or Mademoiselle Helene prosper?"

"Everything has come to pass as she planned," he replied. "That cursed Armande de Kercheval is madly, desperately in love with her and little now remains to bring matters to the desired end."

"Ah! that being the case, I suppose she will soon return?" said Hortense, slowly.

"Yes, she will soon return," he replied, while a dark flush crept into his cheek and his gloomy eyes lighted eagerly.

The woman, watching him, writhed beneath all her lithe slenderness. She bit her scarlet lips and, for some moments, did not speak. Then suddenly she moved nearer to Pedro and laid her hand on his arm. He looked down at her quickly. Her strange eyes were all aglow with tenderness, with passion.

"Yes," she said, as their eyes met, "I love you. Pedro, have you never suspected that I love you?"

He turned away his gaze from her face, with its passion-lighted eyes and tremulous lips.

"I never thought about it," he replied, coldly. "Why should I, when I never loved you?"

HA! HA! HA!
APRIL FOOL
WHO?
EVERYBODY
Will Enjoy the Blade's Colored Picture Next Week.
Don't Miss
THE LATEST APRIL FOOL JOKES.
ALL NEW.

"She moved nearer to Pedro and laid her hand on his arm."

She moved nearer to him, and the pale gold of her hair touched his shoulder.

"I will teach you to love me," she whispered. "I love you so madly that the very strength of my love must win a return. I will be very patient, I will wait."

Her hand had crept to his neck and her fingers touched caressingly his hair, her face was so close to his that he could feel her breath upon his cheek. She was the incarnation of passion, and her pale beauty, her ardor, her abandonment would have strongly appealed to most men. But Pedro, whose heart was on fire for another woman, whose dark, rich loveliness was stamped upon his very soul, stood cold, unmoved.

"Have done with this, woman," he said, roughly. "When a man loves you, you won't have to do the wooing, he'll tell you of it soon enough, never fear. I don't love you and I never will if you wait a hundred years."

Her hand dropped from his arms, but she still stood close to him, gazing up into his face. Her green eyes, now wide open, reminded him of the eyes of an enraged tigress.

"I will tell you why you are so cold, so indifferent to me," she cried. "You love Helene de Forrestelle."

He gave a slight start, then folded his arms across his breast and looked at her steadily, defiantly.

"And suppose that I do—what then?" he said.

"She shall never be yours," she replied, passionately. "I swear it!"

He looked at her darkly for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and laughed mockingly.

"Bah!" he exclaimed; "you are a fool; all jealous women are fools."

Her eyes gleamed coldly as she looked at him, there was an evil smile on her lips. Later he remembered that look in her eyes, that smile on her lips, and cursed his folly in treating with contemptuous unconcern her words, in regarding them merely as the vague threats of a jealous woman.

"I am a fool in this—that I have given my love where it meets with scorn and repulse," she replied. "But I say to you again, Pedro, that she shall never be yours even though she return your love."

He laughed aloud with infinite scorn and mockery.

"You fool!" he cried, "if she return my love all the fiends inshell could not come between us."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Marguerite!"

Armande de Kercheval's voice was low and shocked, his eyes full of pain, as he looked down upon Marguerite's pale, changed face.

She was lying upon a couch by the window in her boudoir, Armande de Kercheval had arrived at the chateau a little while before. A week had passed since the departure of the Marquis St. Maur.

"Dear Armande, I am so glad to see you," said Marguerite, lifting her blue eyes, about which were heavy purple shadows, to his face.

He seated himself beside the couch, taking her little, thin, white hand in his, trying to conceal his dismay at the change in her.

"Have you been ill, little sister?" he asked.

"No, not really ill," she replied. "I have not been feeling well for the past few days. But let us not talk of myself," she added. "I want to tell you, dear, how I rejoice at your happiness."

Armande de Kercheval's beautiful, dark blue eyes lighted with a look of irrepressible joy.

"I am sometimes frightened at my own happiness," he replied. "It seems too great, too perfect to last."

"And do you love her very dearly?" said Marguerite.

"Better than my soul," he passionately replied. "Without her, life would be a blank, worthless."

"Tell me something of her," said Marguerite. "She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"Beautiful as a dream," he replied, and, with all a lover's rhapsody, he proceeded to describe Helene's dark loveliness.

He paused suddenly as a shudder shook Marguerite from head to foot.

"Are you cold, dear?" he asked. "Shall I lower the window?"

"No, no, it is nothing," she replied, quickly. "I am very foolish, but the least little thing unnerves me now, and—and your description of your betrothed reminds me of—him."

Armande de Kercheval's eyes darkened with deadliest hatred and rage, but he kept over his sister and said, gently:

"I was most unfortunate in my description, little sister; forget it."

He kissed her tenderly and rose to his feet.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

FREE HELP FOR WEAK MEN
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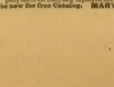

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# A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

## The Rash Resolve of a Man Who Failed---An Unexpected Tragedy---How a Fortuno Came to Him.

By ALFRED H. TOSEN.

(Copyright, 1899, by the Author.)

SYNOPSIS.

Eliot Marsh, in his youth a city resident, marries in the country, and attempts to conduct a business but seemingly marks failure of life. Believing that his wife has lost faith in his ability to mend a worn hood, he finally decides to run away from her and his children but when he starts for it making his escape he is met by Eugene Raynor, a former friend of his wife, who is hunting on an adjoining farm. Raynor finds a motor engine on Marsh's farm, and Eugene has the paper with him, and proposes selling it to Marsh for settlement. After Marsh and Raynor have met and parted young Raynor is murdered by two tramps, and suspicion naturally falls on Marsh, who, without knowing that the tragedy has occurred, is making his way toward the city when he is assumed name. The body of Raynor is found on the island and suspicion falls on Marsh. He is not conscious that a tragedy has happened. He begins to work in a livery house. Mrs. Marsh receives a telegram addressed to her husband, which she opens and finds in it a message announcing that Raynor is murdered, thinking himself very poor in bringing trouble to the home of the lover of the law are searching for him.

CHAPTER VI.

A COUNTRY CONSTABLE.

It has often been observed that a man is doubly happy when he has no money in procuring food. Eliot Marsh felt the need of a good dinner before the tramps had stolen his clothes and his money, but now that he was absolutely penniless he was performed a terrific craving at the stomach, and realized that he was weak and faint from lack of nourishment.

With money in his pocket and good prospects of getting pleasantly at the next town, he might have gone on with a stout heart, but now he could not afford another meal for food at the first house he came to after leaving the woods.

It chanced that the house at which he stopped was the home of Joseph Renfro, an ambitious farmer who had been chosen constable at the April election. As Eliot shambled up the walk, feeling disgraced and ashamed in his disreputable attire, the constable was sitting on the porch reading a New York morning paper, which had been left by a friendly stage driver but a moment before.

He glanced up sharply as Eliot's miserable footwear rang on the gravelled walk and gazed in amazement at the ill looking figure before him. As he looked, the paper remained suspended in mid-air, held by a hand which was beginning to tremble, and his eyes seemed desirous of bursting from their sockets.


# WAS DEVOID OF HAIR.

## Peculiar Plight of a Salem Girl---Entirely Bald.

### What a Free Trial Package of a Remedy Did for Her.

The portraits of Miss Emma Emond show what a striking difference is made in a person when the bald head is covered with hair. Miss Emond was totally bald, the hair follicles resting upon her head but upon her eyebrows being closely contracted, and not showing a hair being found. Of course she was the ob-

MISS EMMA EMOND.

ject of many experiments all of which failed and the offer of a well known dispensary to send a free trial of their remedy was gratefully adopting to her. She sent for the free trial, followed it with a purchase of a bottle and soon saw the beneficial results growing hair on her head. She continued the treatment for a time, Miss Emond lives in Salem, Mass., at 78 Washington St., and naturally feels very much elated to recover from total baldness. An itching scalp to people who are blessed with hair is a sign of coming baldness and should be attended to at once.

The remedy that caused Miss Emond's hair to grow also cures all scalp itching and diseases, removes dandruff and keeps the hair and scalp healthy and vigorous. Trial packages are mailed free to all who write to the Altheimhim Medical Dispensary, 99 Belvo Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio


He had just been reading a description of a fugitive from justice wearing a soft straw hat with a blue band, and here, before him was seemingly just dropped from the skies was the identical person, only the garments worn by this sad-faced creature were not the garments described in the long article with the large headlines on the first page of the morning paper.

"A big your pardon," began the runaway in humble tones, "but I have been robbed by tramps and am in need of food."

"What is the reason for the change of clothing," thought the newly-made official. "He has smuggled himself."

It has often been observed that newly-made officers begin to display dignities from the moment of their appointment or election, and Joseph Renfro was no exception. The office of constable had already elevated the necessity of being watchful and cautious, for the tramp was doubtless armed to the teeth, and he might not be able to take him in a single-handed combat.

"We have just finished dinner," he said, "but you may come in and sit down." Where were you robbed?"

Marsh pointed to the fringe of trees which bordered the constable's field.

"Have you seen any one I have you seen two men pass here recently, one of them wearing a black coat with a blue flannel coat?"

A black suit, with a Prince Albert coat and a soft straw hat with a blue band. The officer was sure of his ground now. This description was correct. He had read it. The paper was the offer of a thousand dollars for the tramps who had murdered Eliot took his seat at the table and ate long and hungrily, while Renfro whispered with his wife in the kitchen.

He hunted up a wicked looking revolver and then donned the badge, and laid them down on the kneeling table, where they would be in full view during the dinner room.

"Now," he whispered to his wife, "when he gets done eating I'm going to nab him, and I want you to help me."

"I'm afraid he doesn't look very strong," whispered the woman.

"You can't always tell," was the low reply. "Besides, he may have a knife and a revolver hidden in his clothes."

"What can I do?" trembled the wife. "Perhaps I should faint."

"You needn't be afraid," was the reply. "I'm the one he will try to murder if he gets a chance. You can help me to get under his nose, and he holds up his hands, you just get range with the end of the gun. That's all you've got to do."

"I don't see any gun," faltered the woman, "or any darbies."

"Here they are," explained the husband, tapping the shining surface of the handcuffs with the barrel the revolver. "We officers can't be too careful about. Are you ready?"

And so, as Eliot Marsh drew back from the table, he was confronted by a revolver and a pair of handcuffs, the first in the hand of the triumphant constable, and the second held by a trembling woman, who seemed about ready to sink to the floor.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, starting to his feet.

"It means!" shouted the country constable, "that you are the murderer of Eugene Raynor! Throw up your hands, now, for I have the drop on you!"

Renfro used the last sentence advisedly, for he had read a great many detective stories in which the officer of the law always resorted to it.

"Is Eugene Raynor!" cried Marsh in dismay. "Is Eugene Raynor dead?"

"You ought to know," was the reply. "Come, throw up your hands. You'll gain nothing by cutting up rough."

This was another impression upon which the country constable prided himself. He had studied official phrases assiduously since his election, and hoped to be sheriff of the county some day.

Marsh sank back into his chair and weakly threw out his hands. The constable's wife did her best to adjust the handcuffs properly, but she got them locked the first move she made, and her husband had to give her the revolver to hold and do the job himself, not nearly so neatly as it must be remembered, he was new at the business.

While this was going on the poor runaway seemed to be more dead than alive. His face was deadly pale, and he trembled like a man with an ague.

"Now," said the constable, glouting over his capture, "we'll see about taking care of any weapons you may have on your person. Stand up, will you?"

Marsh was slow in getting on his feet, for the strength had gone out of his body, and the constable seized him by the collar and gave him a vicious jerk.

"Don't be rough," cried the wife. "He'll get up if you give him time, I'm sure. He looks sick."

"I can't fool all day with him," was the reply. "If he tries any monkey business while I'm searching him, just tap him on the head with the gun."

The woman drew back in alarm.

"I she'n't touch him," she said. "I didn't know you could be so brutal. I don't believe he has any weapons, and I don't believe he ever killed any one."

Renfro searched the shrinking man carefully, but, as the tramp had not been possessed of pocket property to any great amount, he found only an old cornceb pipe, very black and very strong, a few matches and the bundle of legal documents which had been taken from Eugene Raynor.

"I told you so!" commented Mrs. Renfro. "Perhaps you will listen to me next time."

But the constable was too busy examining the papers to make reply. He placed them on the table side by side, and took up the New York daily first.

"It's all right," he said, finally. "I have not made any mistake. What's your name?" he added, turning to the prisoner.

"Henry Reed," was the slow reply, that being the name Marsh had decided on using in his new life, which, somehow, wasn't running very smoothly.

"How long has your name been Reed?" demanded the officer, suspiciously. "Was it given by means of a sly wink that she might expect something stunning before long.

"Always," was the reply.

"Wasn't it Eliot Marsh yesterday?" was the next question.

"You are determined not to believe me," said the man, wearily, "and I refuse to answer your questions."

"Well, you'll change, sitting comfortable back in his chair, his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, "you'll change your tune now, just as it was yesterday. The hat you wore to that little island yesterday was found in the river with a man's hand, as if he had made a fight for his life and caught that instead of the rim of the hat. Yes, and the papers the murdered man had in his possession relate to a big deal you were about collecting money of you were found in the pocket of the coat you are wearing. They are here on the table now. What do you say to that?"

Marsh said nothing, but made no reply.

"It's all in the New York paper," continued the officer, savage delight in making his case as strong as possible, "and the description of you. You take stock in it?"

He referred to the daily paper again, and added:

"It says here that you murdered Raynor to get possession of those legal papers, and that may be true, for you are not in the mortgage on your place, or your wife's name, either. Now, you can take stock in it, or you can add, and its possession didn't discharge the debt."

"Don't be too hard on him," interposed the wife.

"I won't be as hard on him as he was on poor Raynor, who had never done him any harm," was the reply. "Now," turning to the prisoner once more, "what fool notion had you got into your head that you could run hat about the country? It didn't do any good to change your other clothing, for as you were seen, as is mentioned in the paper. You may as well own up, for I'm going to take you back to Windsor, and old home, this afternoon, and the people there will know what to do with you. It will all come out."

Marsh buried his face in his manacled hands.

"My God!" he groaned, "don't do that! I'd rather you'd shoot me. My poor wife!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE SHERIFF IN NEW YORK.

Smedley & Co., the attorneys having charge of the estate of John W. Marsh, deceased, occupied commodious offices in a marble building at the intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Besides the members of the firm were middle-aged men, all of whom had served in all the branches of the law. They had much to do with wills and trust deeds and guardianships, and this kept them in their front room with many documents of value, among them the last will of Mr. John W. Marsh, which bequeathed to Mr. Eliot Marsh, his beloved nephew, a fortune amounting to nearly half a million of dollars.

Our readers and newspapers are fleet and swift in the news field, so when Mr. Smedley unfolded the Herald at his breakfast table that Monday morning he started with amazement the story of the attempted murder of an Island near the village of Winslow. He had been wondering all the morning why he had not received this Eliot Marsh, the lucky heir, might be, and now he saw his name mentioned in connection with the murder committed on the young banker's clerk.

"A fugitive from justice, eh?" he muttered. "We shall have to look into this. The man really did not look like the newspaper states, and, then, Marsh may be entirely innocent. Anyway, Marsh as the steers of our interests in the matter, and in ready cash and plenty more coming. The idea of two such friends as a man's life coming together---falling heir to half a million and being murdered for the crime of murder, all within three days. His running away is a point in his will tell against him, but I presume they have secured him by this time."

When Mr. Smedley reached his office he sent off the dispatch which Mrs. Marsh received about noon and called his partner into the private consultation room.

"Well," he said, closing the door, "of course you have read about the papers, and know what sort of a scrape our new client has gotten himself into."

"Yes," was the reply. "What do you think of it?"

"I think that Marsh needs looking after," was the practical reply, "and it may be well for one of us to go out to Windsor. He's got to have just as good a show as the law and his money will give him."

Mr. Irwin closed his eyes, stroked his ample forehead with the palm of his hand, and pondered.

"Yes," he said, "we've got to see that he has all his rights. These country sheriffs and judges are sometimes a little bit prejudiced. Have you taken any steps in the matter?"

"I have telegraphed to him at Winslow," was the reply.


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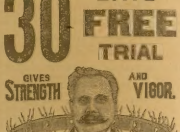

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# PUZZLE

## FIND THE PRINCESS.

The picture represents four men, and a boy and a house in the woods searching for the Princess. She is hidden in the trees, and you must find her. Look at the picture carefully and you will see her. Then take a pencil and trace her out. Cut out the picture and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you a present. Be sure to find the Princess in the picture before you send it to us. Following is a description of the four men:

A---The man with the pipe.
B---The man with the cane.
C---The man with the hat.
D---The man with the gun.



PUZ E is an oval face with a pointed chin. Tobacco stain on the corners of the mouth. It is the face of a man who you would not care to meet in a dark alley.

PUZ A is a round face with a pointed chin and a full mustache. Eyes close together. Nose is a little crooked. Face is that of a man who you would not trust.

PUZ B is an oval face with a full mustache. Eyes are set too close together. Nose is a little crooked. Face is that of a man who you would not trust.

PUZ C is a round face with a full mustache. Eyes are set too close together. Nose is a little crooked. Face is that of a man who you would not trust.

PUZ D is an oval face with a full mustache. Eyes are set too close together. Nose is a little crooked. Face is that of a man who you would not trust.

Send us your answer at once. Don't delay. Send it to-day. Don't put it off. Send it to-day. Don't put it off. Send it to-day. Don't put it off

"Then perhaps we may as well wait until we hear from there," was the reply. "If he is there under arrest one of us must go out at once. Is Winslow the county seat?"

Mr. Smedley consulted a map.

"No," he said. "It is only a little burg. Anyhow, this man Raynor, the person assaulted, was not taken there, according to the paper. He was carried to a near-by farm house. It might be a good idea to keep track of his condition."

"Yes," said Irwin, "I'll telegraph to the village marshal to spare no expense in keeping us posted."

"And ascertain, also, if Marsh is now under arrest. Perhaps, on the whole, we would better instruct our bank to wire the bank there to retain an attorney. Then we shall have the point guarded."

"Just the thing," replied Irwin.

And so, shortly after Mrs. Marsh returned home, and shortly after the departure of the sheriff for New York, the messenger boy toiled up the street again with a message for the cashier of the village bank. Ten minutes later the cashier sauntered up to Silas Lapham, the leading attorney of the place, as he stood discussing the matter in front of the postoffice, and called him aside.

"Are you in a position to help Marsh?" he asked. "Can you take charge of his case until his attorney from New York gets here?"

The lawyer laughed.

"From what I hear," he said, "I guess Marsh will need a good many attorneys from New York if he gets out of this scrape. And New York lawyers work without pay, too," he added, with an upheaval of his slender shoulders.

"My advice to you," said the cashier, impatiently, "is not to express an opinion until you know which side of the case you are retained on."

"Are you serious about my taking the case, and about the New York attorneys?" asked Lapham, in astonishment. "Where is Marsh getting his money from?"

"I don't know" was the reply. "If you want the case, wire Smedley & Co., New York, that you have been retained by our bank and ask for instructions. In the meantime, if you need a couple of hundred, you can come over to the bank and get it."

"Smedley & Co.!" echoed Lapham. "The strongest law firm in New York! If they are behind Marsh he's all right. Of course I want the case!"

The cashier sauntered back to the bank, and Lapham watched the little group he had been talking with when interrupted.

"As I was saying," he observed, "you can't tell anything about the matter until you hear Marsh's side of the story. He was very foolish to run away."

"Say!" blurted one of the group; "that isn't what you said at all. You said there was no hope for Marsh, and that he'd be hung as high as Shoffit. That's what you said. Didn't he, boys?"

"You must have misunderstood me," replied the lawyer, walking off with his chin in the air.

And in half an hour it was known througout the village that Lapham, who was a member of the legislature and influential, had been retained for Marsh by the bank, and that Marsh had a perfect defense whenever he chose to come forward.

The messenger boy was kept on the run that afternoon, and Smedley & Co. learned all there was to know regarding the case, which was nothing except that Raynor was not dead and that otherwise it looked pretty black for their client. After receiving half a dozen messages, Lapham entered the case on the place and was driven down to the Marsh farm in state.

Mrs. Marsh trembled when she saw the vehicle stop at her gate, but met the lawyer at the door with a brave face.

"Do you know where your husband is?" asked the lawyer, abruptly, never doubting that Mrs. Marsh knew all about the events of the last twenty-four hours.

"Why," was the trembling reply, "I suppose he is in New York, or on his way there."

"Why do you think he has gone to New York?" asked Lapham.

The woman handed out the telegram which she had received that day.

"He went away suddenly," she said, "and I thought perhaps he had heard about this and hurried off."

The lawyer read the message with many exclamations of astonishment.

"So this accounts for Smedley & Co.'s interest in the matter," he thought. "How much will this estate amount to?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Marsh.

"Eliel always said his uncle was worth half a million," was the reply.

Lapham, who had until now been standing in the doorway with his head covered, now took off his hat and wrinkled his face into what he intended to be a smile of respect.

"Did he go out to the lake yesterday?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess not," was the reply. "I haven't heard of his being out that way."

Lapham moved away with a look of blank astonishment on his face.

"She doesn't know a thing about it," he mused. "Well," he added, aloud, "if you hear from him kindly let me know."

When the lawyer got back to the village he put two men into the cab and sent them off to the farm house where Raynor had been taken.

"Learn his condition and the chances for recovery," he said, "and report to me at once."

In another half hour, for Silas Lapham understood the value of public opinion, it was whispered about the village that Eliel Marsh had fallen heir to several million dollars, and had gone on to New York to take possession of the money. And those who had in the morning expressed the opinion that Marsh was as good as the gallows, now scouted at the idea that he had had any hand in the affair on the island the day before.

In the meantime Smedley & Co. were chuckling over a telegram from Lapham, which had been brought in during the afternoon and which now lay on the table in their private office.

"So the sheriff is coming here to look us up, is he?" said Smedley, with a chuckle. "Look and see what time he can get here, Irwin?"

The junior partner looked at his watch.

"It's four o'clock," he said, "and he ought to be here now."

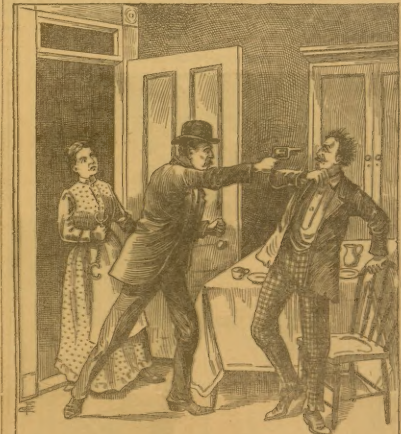
At that moment the door leading into the main office was opened by a clerk, who had been advised of the proposed visit of the county officer and had come to report.

"There's a rough looking chap hanging around the corridor," he said, "and I guess it's your rural sheriff."

"Send for a policeman," said Smedley, "and have him taken into custody and brought in here."

The clerk hurried out with a grin on his face and in ten minutes' time the frightened sheriff and a trim-looking officer in uniform stood before the members of the firm in the private office.

"Come, now," demanded Smedley, savagely, "what do you mean by prowling about our offices in a suspicious manner?"



As Eliel Marsh drew back from the table he was confronted by a revolver and a pair of handcuffs.

"I'm an officer," was the frightened reply, "and I came here to make an arrest."

"An officer, eh?" growled Smedley. "Then perhaps you'll be so good as to show your papers."

"The warrant is not out yet," was the reply, "but I am to make an arrest by murder without a warrant. My papers will show who I am."

"You may have stolen the papers, you know," said the lawyer. "I don't know what I'd better do with you."

"You say you came here to make an arrest," said Irwin. "What is the name of the man you are in quest of?"

"Eliel Marsh."

"What proof have you against him?" de-

(Continued on page fourteen.)


LIFE SAVED BY SWAMP-ROOT.

Dr. Kilmer Has Discovered a Remedy That Cures All Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Swamp-Root, discovered by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, has truly wonderful power in curing kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases.

Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease. Your kidneys filter the blood and keep it pure.

By special arrangement with the Ledger every reader will be sent by mail prepaid a free sample bottle and with it a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and containing some of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured.

Please mention that you read this generous offer in the Chicago Ledger and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can get the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes at the drug stores or from druggists dealers.


### Killed 763 Rabbits.

J. M. Rogers of Elden township, father of Lyan D. Rogers, is in the city today. He tells of a rabbit hunt in Eden township recently when 763 rabbits were killed. Their combined weight was 4,600 pounds. Two crowds participated in the hunt, at the close of which the rating crowd, the side that killed the least number of rabbits, paid for an oyster supper for the entire crowd. One hundred and fifty plates were served at the supper and the day before previous a crowd went out and killed 426 rabbits. Another big drive in Elden township is being arranged for and will occur within a few days.—Wellington Journal.


### One Package Free.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes give fastest and brightest colors. Each package colors silk, wool or cotton, and colors in cold water. Do not stain the hands. All colors, 10c. per package, post paid. PUTNAM FADELESS DYE CO., Unionville, Mo.


### The Rarest Stampin the World.

The Mauritius postoffice stamps, while commanding the highest price, are not the rarest among them. They rank third in scarcity—the 2-cent Hawaii, of which five copies are known in collectors' hands, ranking first, and the British Guiana pink 2-cent, eight copies being known, second. The stamps of Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines are being taken up by an increasing number of collectors in the United States. At the October meeting of the Philatelic society, New York, Mr. Ardreia exhibited a large number of Cuban and Porto Rican provisionals, most of which were rare to the members present.

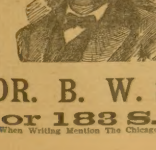
### Free Government Lands.

There are still thousands of acres of government lands in the states of Washington and Oregon, also prairie and timber lands near railroad or water communication that can be bought for $5 an acre as upwards. There are no cyclones, blizzards, long winters or drouths, but summers, no failure of crops. Take your choice. If you wish to raise grain principally or finest stock on earth, you can find locations in these two states where you can do this to perfection. If you wish to buy or sell, write. If you want information where it's best to locate write me at 129 East Third St., St. Paul, Minn. Yours, H. D. WERKMAN.

### Figures on the Colored Vote.

By the figures of the last census the colored vote of the United States is now rising above the age of 21 years—numbered 1,761,-655. Of these the following states had the largest proportions: Georgia, 179,625 voters; Mississippi, 198,491; Alabama, 149,763; South Carolina, 132,948, and Louisiana, 119,515.


# MANLY VIGOR---NO DRUGS



When I started out 30 years ago as a young doctor in treating weak men, I gave drugs. I didn't know any better. But when I found there was really no little reliance to be placed in medical treatment, I commenced to cast about for other remedies.

One time I experimented with the galvanic current of electricity, and from that to the present day—36 years—I have not made a prescription for weak men. I have demonstrated the fact that a general treatment is required to gain lost strength, because these troubles come on slowly and involve more alone the nerve centers and glands, but the Heart, Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, &c.

Electricity, I found, came up to the requirements of a general treatment, because Electricity is strength or nerve force, and is supplied the system with this lacking element; it built up slowly but surely the whole organism without the least stimulation, without a particle of danger. In the beginning, I gave a battery treatment, but I soon found that a bone self-application was needed. I knew then that a portable battery was required, one which would give plenty of electricity and at the same time be light and convenient. This led me to invent a chain of cells which was worn around the patient's waist.

That first chain of cells was the beginning of what has developed into my 1899 model, Dr. Sanden

## ELECTRIC BELT

with suspensory, the great treatment for weak men. Now known the world over.

Last year I restored 5,000 to strength who suffered from the results of youthful errors or later excesses, having had Losses, Nervous Debility, Lame Back, Impotency, Varicocele, &c.

Currents instantly felt, but under complete control of wearer, simply turn regulator screw to make mild or strong. Put it on at night when going to bed, and take it off next morning. Keep this up 60 to 90 days. That will bring back the lost vigor. If in or near these cities call, consult and examine free of charge or write for

## FREE BOOK

"Three Classes of men," which explains all and is sent free by mail in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence given faithful attention.

## DR. B. W. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,

## or 183 S. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

### A Biased Honeymoon.

The Groom (as he recovers sensibility)—Where am I?

The Bride—Hush, darling! You met with an accident as we got in the back.

The Groom—Horse kick me?

The Bride—No-o-o, darling! Pa threw an old boot after you, and in his excitement forgot his wooden leg and hit it.

### No Mistake.

The people of Chicago had lynched an Alderman, in passion; in the calmer hour to some misgivings had come.

"Perhaps we have made a mistake!" faltered those.

"What, with his certificate of election to the common council in his pocket!" cried others, who were of sterner stuff.

Clearly, there was no going behind the returns.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Lesser of Two Evils.

When her husband ate the bread she had made, her joy was for the moment complete. But presently there gathered the inevitable cloud of doubt.

"Is it because he loves me?" she asked herself, "or is it to keep me from making bread pudding?"

Not in the inscrutable face of the man could she an answer find.

### Diplomacy.

Portly Dowager—I've called, sir, to learn what the future has in store for me.

Eminent Fortune Teller (examining palm)—Ah, madam, the lines of fate run so smoothly in this fair palm that I shall have to apply a magical compound of wonderful powers to bring them out more distinctly. (To attendant, Mr. Frenchy, Cleopatra, dip the end of a towel in soapsuds and bring it here.

### Responsible.

To Uncle Sam it looks this way
From his understands of it:
He's got his congress off his hands,
But can't quite wash his hands of it.

**1899 BICYCLE FOR ONE DOLLAR.**

We will send our highest grade gents' or ladies' 1899 Acme King Bicycle to any address on easy conditions for only $1.00—the conditions include the distributing of 1,000 small circulars, which you can do in three hours. Send no money. For full particulars how to get our best bicycle for $1.00 and a few hours work cut this out and mail to us.

Acme, Roebuck & Co., Cycle Dept., Chicago, Ill.

### Getting Fresh Air.

"Piano playing is said to be healthful."

"Yes; the girl next door drives us all to the parks every Sunday afternoon."

Housewife (at the departure of her servant)—What you crying? If it grieves you so to go, why did you decide to leave?

Servant—I'm crying for sympathy with the girl who takes my place.

### Johnny's Idea.

"Theys to be some kind of musical doin's at our church next Wednesday night. I've forgot what they call it."

"Mebby it's a recital."

"No. Recitals is for pianos. Our church has got an organ. I guess it's an orgy they're goin' to have."

Do You Put Off until tomorrow the duty that ought to be done today, if your blood is impure and you feel weak and weary, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25 cents by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Making a Sure Thing of It.

"I was just paying a bet, papa," explained the young woman who had been caught indulging in osculatory exercises. "I bet him a kiss."

"And what did he bet?"

"A-a-another kiss," was the hesitating reply.

### To Sk8.

She can't cut a good figure 8
On the ice. She ascribes it to f8;
But others there are
More candid by far
Than polite, who declare it's her w8.

### The Objection.

"Herbert is just a plain, every-day young man," said Mabel to her father.

"There's precisely the objection," was the prompt reply. "I might stand him every other day, but this thing of calling seven times a week becomes tiresome."

### Sweetness Long Drawn Out.

Alethea—You know, it is ultra-fashionable to bid one's guest adieu in the parlor, and not proceed to the hall.

Mr. Haggard (promptly)—Well, suppose we say good-by in the parlor and in the hall, too?

### Doubt About the Wedding.

Mr. Softleigh (slipping on the engagement ring)—Darling, notice that there is no end to this.

Miss Willing—Am I to understand, Harold, that the engagement is to be like it?

### Found Wanting.

Hardleigh Uptodate—Your house was entered and robbed last night? Then your new burglar alarm didn't work?

Justin Tyme—Work? It didn't even alarm the burglar!

### THE HEIGHT OF LOVE.

She (at parting)—Do you love me better than your life?

He (fervently)—Better than my life! Why, I love you better than my bicycle, almost.

### The Oldest Inhabitant.

"The weather," said the oldest inhabitant, "is not what it used to be when I was a boy."

"For that matter," commented the smart young man, "the weather is not what it was seven months ago."

And the oldest inhabitant could not be persuaded to talk for more than an hour.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

### Result of Training.

Nell—What a peculiar way that Mr. Spooner has of hugging. He never grasps one anywhere but around the waist.

Belle—That's because he's a college man; they're taught to tackle low, you know.

### She'd Supply the Powder.

"All my life's hopes are in your heart," the young man was saying bitterly, "and it is marble enough to turn a drill."

"Did you want," asked the fair young creature, "to blast your life's hopes?"

### Next in Order.

"Miss Mary, are you sorry that your sister Evelyn is married?"

"No; it advances me one number."

### Dry.

"A dry wit, his!"

"Well, it's always directed to getting the drinks on somebody!"

### A Military Cook.

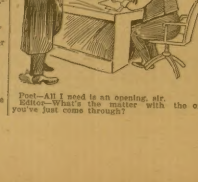
Mistress—Bridget, what is the clock doing on the range?

Jane—Didn't you tell me ter boil the eggs five minutes by the clock?

### Spring Bitters.

Major Drinkerupp—Did yo' evah take spring bittahs, Kun'l?

Colonel Oncegagin—I did, suh. I was married in April.



Poet—All I need is an opening, sir.

Editor—What's the matter with the one you've just come through?

Mr. Levi (excitedly—Sufferin' Rebecca! How came you down here, Ikey?

Ikey (sobbing—Bicker, papa, I fell; und bot ohf my arms are hurt.

Mr. Levi—Vell, it's a mighdy lucky ding dot I prought me dis cane along.

### Made Light of It.

Jones—Burglars are an unfeeling set!

Brown—What's happened, old fellow?

Jones—One broke into my house last night and went off and left the gas burning full tilt!—Puck.

### Something Hot.

Restaurant Guest—Everything you have brought me is stone cold.

Polite Waiter—Here is the mustard and pepper, sir.

### Little Georgy's Essay on a Pig.

The pig is not a pretty sight;
Its style is far from neat;
But when its stuffed and basted right
It's awful good to eat.

**AGENTS WANTED**

**$1,000** Can be made selling nine 5 to 10 foot signs per day. Write for particulars. Add. J. J. McNeil, Dept 140 Box 2214, New York

**It Pays** men with small capital to send for our free book that explains a business making money with Stamp Letters. Write quick. Don't delay. Letter-MacALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

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**$100 A MONTH** ABSOLUTELY SURE IN YOUR OWN TOWN. Salesmen selling our new goods in their own locality. No canvassing. Permanent position. Experience unnecessary. Enclose stamp to investigate. National Silver Co., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

**$3 a Day Sure** Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., Box 820, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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**GROCERY AND CLOTHING SALESMAN WANTED** to sell our Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder, Extracts, Soaps, Stoves, Refrigerators, Etc. Send name and address for Full Particulars. STRICKLER & CO., Dept. S, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

**STEAM CEREAL COOKER & EGG POACHER**

Our No. 9200 Steam Cereal Cooker and Egg Poacher is the best thing on the market for cooking cereals. The inner cereal pan which holds five pints for cooking cereal, fits into the steam in steamer over and into third pan which holds one quart of water. The steamer is provided with a tray with five deep cups for puddings, custards, etc., and for poaching eggs, steaming or frying etc. Eggs are poached by steam in 3 minutes, and cereals are cooked in half the time required for each egg. Each tray will hold FIVE eggs. Retail price of cereal pots $1.25. We are the largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Nickel Granite and Tinware in the world. AGENTS, write now to get this and four of our other best sellers. Sample cereal pot each mailed for 60 cents. Sample set, 4 pots, $2.25. Circulars free. Agents wanted to give satisfaction. Address, HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 31 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

*The Co. is worth a Million Dollars and is reliable.—Editor.*

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

# Improved United States History.

By IKE QUIGLEY, Historian.

PREFACE.

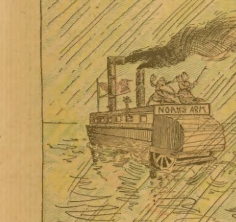
It is a customary and time-honored custom for authors to write a preface to their books; it isn't necessary, but they feel called upon to apologize to the world in general and the reader in particular for inflicting their thoughts upon an already overburdened populace. As a matter of fact only about one person out of every thousand who reads the book takes the trouble to peruse the preface and that one is actuated by a wholesome desire to "get his money's worth," and he carries that commendable desire to the extremity of absorbing the advertisements printed on the fly leaves; but that is what the advertisements were put there for.

My principal reason for writing this history is: I need the money. I do not know that I will get it, but the need exists, just the same, and I'm not the boy to dodge it if it comes hunting for me.

A desire for literary greatness and the applause of the world also have their incentives, and hence I place before you my fund of historical knowledge in a style that will at once endear it to the hearts of the multitude and stamp it as the most popular text book ever placed in the schoolroom or flung at a stupid scholar's head.

Look about you; take your child's history, or, better still, look into your neighbor's history (if he isn't looking) and glance at its pages. You will find page after page of matter as uninteresting as a September issue of the Congressional Record and a mass of dates as unintelligible and senseless as a railroad timetable appears to a South Sea Islander. The student of modern history has to learn all that dry, prosaic stuff and remember all the dates.

I abhor dates—except those with pretty girls, and they will look me money, and dates to dine with a friend at his expense. You will find nothing in this history that




"Don't let those Indians get aboard!" cried Noah.

is not interesting. There is no mass of words to memorize or list of presidents to name backwards chipping every fourth one as who was chin whiskers and no mustache. Events of a stirring nature are given a thrilling, blood-curdling style that will cause you to thrill like when you had the age; romantic historical incidents are treated in the gushiest manner possible, and susceptible maidens and simpering youths will find herein the acme of their delight. I promulgate no historical theories, feeling confident that my knowledge of the facts in every instance will win for the Improved History the acclaim of the world.

Children will cry for it; mothers will slip it into their son's hands (instead of the family bible) when they go forth to meet life's battles; dogs will bark at it, and doctors prescribe it.

Maybe you think that last sentence is pretty strong. Not at all. That is an advertisement for the History. I must get you interested, for if no one reads it—well, I go hungry, that's all.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF HISTORY.

The history of the United States properly begins with the discovery and settlement of this continent. It should embrace a full account of the doings of the aborigines, the people who took the western hemisphere in its raw state and prepared it to trade to the white man for beads, firewater and abuse; but the aborigines were not as food or writing as the average spring poet and literature languished in those glad free days. The only chief compiled of the great things accomplished during his reign was always destroyed by his successor on census. For this reason, after relating the history of the discovery and settlement of the western continent, I will have to skip several thousand years. I am sorry this is necessary, for it would undoubtedly make good reading and would string this history out several volumes; but "history is a relation of facts," and this is a history, not a Deadwood Dick five-cent novel.

Contrary to the theories and speculations of many heretofore eminent historians the aborigines of America were not descendants of the lost tribe of Sheenies, nor were they Chinese immigrants who came in by Canada to escape the San Francisco custom house officials. They came here during the flood as stowaways on Noah's ark.

While digging for prehistoric relics near Anderson, Indiana, a bunco man of scientific inclinations discovered a gin bottle in which had been carved in strange hieroglyphics the story of the discovery of America by the discoverer himself. The brick with the inscription was sold to a farmer of the neighborhood, who in turn handed it to the police, and from them I obtained it. Thus was this great relic placed in hands of the only person who could decipher it. Numerous people have said that the hieroglyphics are not carving, but the result of the acid test made by the police upon the brass. This imputation I ignore, for clearly I read thereon the following tale, which I translate literally:

"Hard by where Noah was building the ark stood a cigarette factory, and at noontime the girls from the factory were wont to loaf about on the piles of lumber to eat their lunches and flirt with the young men who worked in the planing mill across the street. Noah always seized upon this opportunity to preach. He was a breezy old chap, anyway, and would drop his hammer any time to argue religion or any like question. The Lord remonstrated with him for this several times, and finally told him that as the flood was sure to come as advertised he would have to hurry up; and if the old boat was not finished according to plans and specifications in time for a trial trip he would forfeit his bond and the job would be turned over to some one else to finish.

Most of the people thought Noah had a quilting bee in his caco, and consequently paid no attention to his talk other than to remark about the number of crazy people running at large. Among those who gathered about the ark at noontime were a young man and woman who were mashed on each other. They had it bad, and being sentimental and soft-like, Noah's talking made an impression upon them, but they did not like to acknowledge it because all their friends were there and fell well they were to be out of the running. Being of a female giggle, also the masculine ha-ha.

Finally the window in the ark, and the trial trip demonstrated that it was quite up to the contract. Then he went down to the zoological gardens and swiped all the animals the city had in the park. He drove them aboard the ark and then advertised the greatest novelty of the season, a menagerie aboard a ship. But he couldn't catch the people; they simply laughed at him and went to the beer gardens to spend their money. Then Noah got mad; he pulled in the gang plank, and, as there was no weather man in those days, he sent word direct to the boarders that he was ready for rain. It came, and after about forty-eight hours' steady downpour the streets were a foot deep in water. Then the street cars were stopped and the elevated roads were shut down, signal nests. The young man, above mentioned, realizing the peril of the situation, waded to the zinc bath tub from his boarding house, and after getting his caramel aboard, paddled his way out to the ark. Noah was giving one cruise. They were now convinced that Noah had always told the truth, and each one of every one chief compiled of the great things accomplished during his reign was always destroyed by his successor on census. For this reason, after relating the history of the discovery and settlement of the western continent, I will have to skip several thousand years. I am sorry this is necessary, for it would undoubtedly make good reading and would string this history out several volumes; but "history is a relation of facts," and this is a history, not a Deadwood Dick five-cent novel.

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26 YEARS OLD.

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## THE PUBLIC MENACE.

Up to date there have been listed ninety trusts with an aggregate capital of $3,754,-318,000.

New trusts are forming and this list does not today represent the total of the combines in existence.

Indeed, it is quite out of the question for the most expert statistician to keep pace with the record of trust creation. The scientific method is covered to cover the fields of coal, gas, oil, iron, steel, sugar, tobacco, textiles, liquors, electrical machinery, leather, fabrics, cornstalks, agricultural machinery, copper, beef, paper, chemicals, silverware, lead, linseed oil, sandpaper and desks, typewriters, window glass, matches, ribbons and a score of other things, including burial caskets.

Soon there will be no article of consumption or of general use that will not be controlled by a trust. The result will be arbitrary prices and an absolute enslavement of labor.

There are a few politicians who realize the fact that the fight against trusts by the people is going to be the greatest issue of the campaign in 1900, but the voters without number are conscious of it. From now on the slogan of every man who loves liberty and the country should be, "Down with the trusts!"

It is feared that the scheme of the Italian government to secure a coaling station at San-Sao may be a clever ruse to establish a supply depot there by which to change the diet from rice to macaroni.

It's natural that Italy, "the boot of Europe," should be brought in to begin the kicking of Europe when Germany waits for the grand final assault of the powers.

Admiral Dewey begs people at home to stop writing him letters. It's a reasonable request, and enthusiastic admirers ought to be quick to accede to it.

This is the season when spring suits, winter overcoats, duck trousers and ear muffs are in demand in the northern Mississippi valley region.

The hearse hoot of the coffin trust could be made as silent as the grave if the country would assume a stiff upper lip and resolve to adopt cremation.

If a man's coat is covered with campaign buttons that is no sign that shingle nails do not do service where buttons should be used.

Friends of higher education will rejoice to hear that the chewing gum trust did not materialize.

# THE NERVE OF FOLEY.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

"You don't think much of this strike, do you, Mr. Reid?" said Andy to me one night.

"Don't think there's going to be any, Andy."

He laughed knowingly.

"What did a grievance have the boys, I asked.

"As trouble's on the east end," said he, evasively.

"Is that any reason for calling a thousand men out on this end?"

"If one goes out, they all go."

"Would you go out?"

"Would I?" You bet!"

"A man with a big little home and a young wife and a baby boy like yours ought to have more sense."

Getting up to leave, he laughed again confidently. "That's all right. We'll bring you fellows to terms."

"Maybe," I retorted as he closed the door. But I hadn't the slightest idea they would begin the attempt that night. I was at home and sound asleep when the caller tapped on my window. I threw up the sash; it was pouring rain and dark as a pocket.

"What is it, Barney? A wreck?" I exclaimed.

"Worse than that, sir. Everything's tied up."

"What do you mean?"

"The engineers have struck."

"Struck? What for?"

"Half-past three. They went out at 3 o'clock."

Throwing on my clothes, I foundered belated to the superintendent's house. The superintendent was already in his office talking to the master-mechanic.

Bulletins from the few minutes from various points announcing trains stalled. These were the first reports from the east end. Chicago reported all engineers out; Omaha wired, no trains arriving. When the sun rose that morning our entire system, with the exception of a few short and territories, was absolutely paralyzed.

It was an astounding situation, but one that must be met. It meant either an ignominious surrender to the engineers or a fight to the death. The superintendent was only to wait for orders. It was just 6 o'clock when the chief dispatcher, who was tapping at a key, said:

"Here's something from headquarters."

We crowded close around him. His pen flew across the despatch-pad; the message was addressed to all division superintendents. It was short, but at the end of it he wrote a name that was the other ear ignominious surrender to the engineers or a fight to the death. The superintendent of the system, and his words were:

"Move the trains."

"Move the trains!" repeated the superintendent. "Yes; but trains can't be moved by pinches—they need motive power."

We spent the day arguing with the strikers. They were Italians, Poles, Bohemians, entreaties, threats, we exhausted, and had left our tempers. The sun set without the turn of a wheel. The victory of the strike was already with the strikers.

Next day it looked pretty blue around the depot. Not a man came. The engineers and firemen were a unit. But the wires sung and the trains began to move. About 10 o'clock before midnight Chicago wired that No. 1—our big passenger train, the Chicago Flyer—had started out on time, with the superintendent of motive power as engineer and a wiper for a fireman. The message came from the second vice president. He promised to run the whole train of strikers on time the next evening, and he asked, "Can you get it through?"

We looked at each other. At last all eyes gravitated toward Hawksmith, our master-mechanic.

The train-despatcher was waiting. "What shall I say?" he asked.

The chief of motive power was a tremendous fighter by nature, but he knew when to fog-horn. Without an instant's hesitation the answer came quickly:

"Say 'yes!'"

Every one of us started. It was throwing the gage of battle. Our word had gone out; the division had pledged itself; the fight was on.

Next evening the strikers, through some mysterious channel, got word that the Flyer was expected. About 9 o'clock a crowd of them began to gather on the locomotive end. It was after 1 o'clock when No. 1 pulled in and the foreman of the Omaha roundhouse swung down from the locomotive cab. The strikers clustered around the engine like a swarm of angry bees, but that night, though there was plenty of jeering, there was no actual violence. When they saw Hawksmith climb into the cab to take the run west there was a sullen silence.

Next day a committee of strikers, with Andy Cameron, very cavalier, at their head, called on me.

"Mr. Reid," said he, officiously, "we've come to notify you that if any more of the trains through here till this strike's settled. The boys won't stand it, that's all." With that he turned on his heel to leave with his following.

"Hold on, Cameron," said I, raising my hand as I spoke: "that's not quite all. I suppose you men represent your grievance committee?"

"Yes, sir."

"I happen to represent, in the superintendent's absence, the management of the road. I simply want to say to you, and to your committee, that I take my orders from the president and general manager—not from you nor anybody you represent. That's all."

Every hour the bitterness increased. We sent a train through, but we were terribly crippled. As for freight, we made no pretense of moving it. Train-loads of fruit and meat rotted in the yards. The strikers grew more turbulent daily. They beat our new men and crippled our locomotives. Then our troubles with the new men were almost as bad. They burnt out our crown sheets; they got mixed up on orders all the time. They ran into open switches and into each other continually, and had us very near crazy.

I kept tab on one of the new engineers for a week. He began by backing into a dead-in so hard that he smashed every dish in the car, and ended by running into a siding a few days later and setting two tanks of oil on fire; that burnt up a freight depot. I figured he cost us forty thousand dollars the week he ran. Then he went back to selling windmills.

After this unfortunate experience I was sitting in my office one evening, when a youngish fellow in a jersey opened the door and stuck his head in.

"What do you want?" I growled.

"Are you Mr. Reid?"

"What do you want?"

"I want to see Mr. Reid."

"Well, what is it?"

"Are you Mr. Reid?"

"Confound you, yes! What do you want?"

"Me? I don't want anything. I'm just asking, that's all."

The impudence staggered me, so I took my feet off the desk.

"Stand you were looking for men."

"Oh," I said, "I'm not want any men."

"Wouldn't be any show to get on an engine, I suppose?"

A week earlier I would have arisen and fallen on his neck. But there had been others.

"There's a show to get your head broke."

"I don't mind that," he retorted.

"What do you know about running an engine?"

"Run one three years."

"On a threshing machine?"

"On the Philadelphia and Reading."

"Who sent you in here?"

"Just dropped in."

"Sit down."

I eyed him sharply as he dropped into a chair.

"How did you quit the Philadelphia and Reading?"

"Almost six months ago."

"Fired."

"Strike."

I began to get interested. After a few more questions I took him into the superintendent's office and told him to send me up. It was to-day a blur.

"Look here, friend, if you're a one you'd better keep out of this. You would endanger your neck as he would an orange, fine."

"Let's tackle him, anyhow," replied the fellow, coolly and quietly.

I introduced him to Mr. Lancaster, and left them there. Half an hour soon the superintendent came into my office.

"What do you make of him, Reid?" he asked.

"What do you make of him?"

Lancaster smiled. "A very few miles. Take him over to the roundhouse and see how he handles."

I walked over with the new find, chatting with the fellow briskly. The fire engine I told him to look it over. He fired the next night up a piece of waste, and swung into the cab.

"Run her out to the switch," said I, stepped up myself.

He pinched the throttle, and we steamed slowly out. Barney's very few minutes showed he was at home in a cab.

"Now back her up," I asked, as he shut off after backing down to the roundhouse.

"Let me soft coal" he replied, trying the injector. "Now, if you'll just give me room to a new thing to me. Guess I can work it, though."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Jerry Flynn."

"What is it?" I asked, curtly.

"Well, Foley, if you have as much sense as you have nail you ought to get along. If you don't forget your manners you'll get a job again as long as you live. If you don't you'll not live very long after we find it out."

"Have any tobacco?"

"Here, Baxter," said I, turning to the fireman, "this is Foley. Give him a chew. If he monkeys with anything around the engine kill him."

Baxter looked at Foley, and Foley looked at Baxter, and Baxter, not getting the tobacco out quick enough, Foley reminded him of it.

We didn't pretend to run freights, but I concluded to try the fellow on a freight. I realized more that if he was crooked he would ditch it and skin.

So Foley ran a long string of empties and a car or two of rotten oranges down to Harvard Junction that night, with one of the three had a train made up at the junction for him to bring back to McCloud. They had picked up all the strays in the yards, adding half a dozen cars of meat that the local board of health had condemned after it had laid out in the sun for two weeks, and put in a car of butter that we had been shifting around ever since the beginning of the strike.

When the strikers saw the stuff coming in next morning behind Foley they concluded I had gone crazy.

"What do you think of the track, Foley?" said I.

"Fair," he replied, sitting down on my desk. "Stiff hill down there by Zanesville."

"Any trouble to climb it?" I asked, for I had purposely given him a heavy train.

"Not with that car of butter. If you hold that butter another week he'll climb a hill without any engine."

"Can you handle a passenger train?"

"I guess so."

"I'm going to send you west on No. 1 tonight.

"Then you'll have to give me a fireman. That guy you sent out last night is a lightning-rod-peddler. The despatcher threw most of the coal."

"I'll go with you myself, Foley. I can give you steam. Can you stand it to double back tonight?"

"I can stand it if you can."

When I walked into the roundhouse in the evening, with a pair of overalls on, Foley was in the cab getting ready for the run. Hawksmith brought the Flyer in from the east. As soon as she uncoupled and got out of the way we backed down with 46. It was the best engine we had left, and, had Foley not been in an easy manner. Just as we coupled on to the mail-car a big crowd of strikers came out of the dusk. They were in an ugly mood, and when Andy Cameron and that Nicholson sprang up into the cab I saw we were in for trouble right off.

"Look here, partner," exclaimed Cameron, laying a heavy hand on Foley's shoulder, "you're the fellow that's taking my job you? You wouldn't beat honest working-men out of a job?"

"I'm not besting anybody out of a job. If you want to take out this train, take it right here and get out of my cab."

Cameron was nonplussed. Nicholson, a surly fellow at best, filled his place mechanically.

"See here, boss," he growled, "we won't stand no scabs on this line."

"Get out of the cab."

"I'll promise you you'll never get out of it alive, my buck, if you ever get into it again," said Cameron, stamping down. Nicholson followed, muttering angrily. I hopped on the step of the engine to say my consternation. Foley, picking up his oil-can, had climbed into the cab and began filling his cups without paying the slightest attention to anybody.

Cameron turned on him like a tiger. The onslaught was so sudden that they had him under their feet in a second. He jumped down, and Ben Buckley, the conductor, Nicholson, Cameron and Foley were all in a little fellow a life. He squirmed out like a cat, and backed instantly up against the tender.

"One at a time, and come on," he cried, belly. "If the ten is down and on a man's back at that, we'll do it different." With a quick, powerful movement of his arm he drew a pistol, and pointing it squarely at Cameron, cried, "Get back!"

I caught a flash of his eye through the blood that streamed down his face. I realized that he was looking for the man's life who would have crowded him at that minute. Before I could advance Cameron and before the crowd realized it we had Foley, protesting angrily, back in the cab and—

For heaven's sake, pull out of this before there's bloodshed!" I shouted, nodding to Buckley. Foley opened the throttle. The engine jumped forward. I turned and tried to fire and pilot both but after Foley had pulled once or twice that I'd better send to the roundhouse and send to the curves himself I let him find them—and he found them all. I thought, before he got out of Ravenna. He took big chances in his running, but he knew his engine and handled it in his bursts of speed that marked the fast runner and the experienced one.

At Athens we had barely two hours to rest before doubling back. I was never tired in my life. I got a little sleep that night, but before I got it warm the caller was on me out again. Another relief was on time, or nearly so, and when I got into the cab for the run back, Foley was just counting me.

"Did you get a nap?" I asked, as we pulled out.

"No; we slipped an eccentric coming up, and I've been under the engine all the time," say, she's a bird, isn't she? She's all right. I wouldn't run her coming up. Wait till it's daylight, and I'll get some action on her."

"Don't mind getting any on my account, Foley," I said, with a little nervousness.

He laughed.

"I'm square with me. I never killed a man or woman or child in my life. When I do, I quit railroading. Give her plenty of commands, if you please," he added, opening it to full head.

He gave me the ride of my life; but I hated to show scare, he was so coolly audacious through it all. We had to run for water—and after that all down grade. We needed sleep and we needed nothing but the pace was a hair-raiser. After we passed Strickaree we never touched a thing but the high lever. We could hear a train behind us flew round the bluffs once in a while like the wind in the horizon, remembering the ugly threats of the strikers, I left my seat to look back.

"I think you'd better swing off when you slow down for the yards and cut across to the roundhouse," I cried, getting close to his ear; for we were dashing on at terrific speed. He looked at me inquiringly. "In that way you won't run into Cameron and his crowd at the depot," I added. "I can stop her, all right."

He didn't even take his eyes off the track. "I'll take the train to the platform," he said, with indifference.

"Isn't that a crossing cut ahead?" he added, suddenly, as we swung round

a fill a short distance west of town.
"Yes; and a bad one."
He reached for the whistle and gave three long warning screams. I set the bell-ringer and stooped to open the furnace door to coal the fire, when -crash!
I flew up against the water-gauges like a flak-pin. The monster engine reared right up on her head. Scrambling to my feet, in amazement, I saw Foley clutching the air-lever with both hands—the engine was already reversed, and every wheel on the train screeching. I jumped to Foley's side and looked over his shoulder. On the crossing just ahead a big white horse, dragging a buggy, plunged and reared frantically. Standing on the buggy seat a baby boy clung bewildered to the hasback; not another soul in sight. All at once the horse swerved sharply back; the buggy lurched half over; the lines seemed to be caught around one wheel. The little fellow clung on; but the crazy horse, instead of running, began a hornpipe right between the deadly rails.
I looked at Foley in despair. From the monstrous quivering bulk of the great engine I knew the drivers were in the clutch of the mighty air-brake; but the resistless impact of the train was none the less sweeping us down at deadly speed on the baby. Between these two tremendous forces the locomotive shivered like a gigantic beast. I shrank back in horror; but the little man at the throttle, throwing the last ounces of air on the burning wheels, leaped from his box with a face transfigured.
"Take her!" he cried, and never shifting his eyes from the cut, he shot through his open window and ran like a cat along the foot-board to the front.
Not a hundred feet separated us from the

"Foley dropped down on the steam-chest and swung far out."

crossing. I could see the baby's curls blowing in the wind. The horse suddenly leaped from across the track to the side of it; that left the buggy quartering with the rails, but not twelve inches clear. The way the wheels were cramped a single step ahead would throw the hind wheels into the train; a step backward would throw the front wheels into us. It was appalling.
Foley, like a monkey, clinging with one hand to a brace, dropped down on the steam-chest and swung far out. As the cow-catcher shot past, Foley's long arm dipped into that buggy like the sweep of a threshing-rod, and caught the boy by the breeches. The impetus of our speed threw the child high in the air, but Foley's grip was on the little overalls, and as the young scion bounded back he caught it close. There was a crash; the report of a hundred rifles, and the buggy flew in the air, shivered into a thousand pieces; but Foley, with a great light in his eyes and the baby boy in his arm, crawled laughing into the cab.
Thinking Foley would take the engine again, I stood to take the baby. Take it? Well, I guess not!
"Hit there, buster!" shouted the little engineer, wildly; "that's a corking pair of knuckles on you, son. I caught the kid right by the seat of the pants," he called over to me, laughing hysterically. "Jeehaw! little man, I wouldn't've struck you for all the gold in Alaska. I've got a chunk of a boy in Reading as much like him as a twin brother. What were you doing all alone in that buggy? Whose kid do you suppose it is? What's your name, son?"
At his question I looked at the child again—and I started. I had certainly seen

The sweat stood out on the big engineer's forehead like dew. There was a painful silence, and I told the story. Cameron, ver white, tried to speak; but he tried ag and again before he could find his voice. When he did, all his manhood trembled in it.
"Mate," he stammered, "I'm sorry I called you what I did. You've been through a strike yourself—you know what it means, don't you? But if you've got a baby—" he grasped the boy lighter to his shoulder.
"I have, partner; three of 'em."
"Then you know what that means, too," said Andy, huskily, putting out his hand to Foley. He gripped the little man's fist, shook it, and walked slowly away through the crowd.
Somehow the damper on the boys' Bat Nicholson was about the only man who had not shaken hands; so he went to set somebody; and Foley, slinging his blouse over his shoulder, walked right up to Bat and shook him on the shoulder.
"Stranger," said he, gently, "could you oblige me with a chew of tobacco?"
Bat glared at him an instant; but Foley's never won.
Flushing up a little, Bat stuck his hand into his pocket; took out, felt hurriedly in the other pocket, and, with some confusion, said he was sorry. But Felix Kressly stepped with a slab, and the three men intervened with a chew, and the accident fell at once to talking about the accident that was the beginning of the end of the great strike.
The strikers had learned a good deal, and the management was inclined to concede something. Conferences were resumed, and they ended in a compromise, whereby all the striking engineers were taken back, save

(Continued on page fourteen.)


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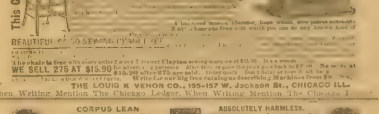

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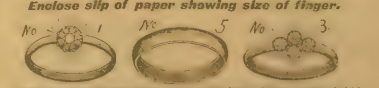

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"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES SAPOLIO

# BLUE WATER ROVERS.

## *In Search of What?---A Thrilling Story of Peril and Adventure---To Quicken the Pulse of Boys and Girls.*

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR.

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SYNOPSIS.

A strange ship appears at Gray Gull, a New England fisher village, years ago. The craft is commanded by Karl Lorraine, a handsome young fellow. They believe the ship is a pirate craft, but Karl denies it. He says he is an exile and is looking for Jack Weatherhorn, who lives in Gray Gull. Ned Raynor, who lives with a man named Deems, who abuses him, and Ralph Morton, nephew of Weatherhorn, are on the beach. A man falls overboard from the strange ship and Ned rows out and rescues him. When he returns to shore Deems, being drunk, attacks him. Ned fells him with an oar. Captain Karl has an interview with Jack Weatherhorn and both men part in excitement. Ralph and Ned go to sea on the Silversail, the strange craft, the former to watch the course of the ship for his [illegible] is sailing with her brother. Only she [illegible] Karl know the destination of the ship. A [illegible] island, of men once [illegible] the brig Aileen, Charles Raynor commander. It was the name of Ned's father. Leon is greatly excited. "A clew! A clew!" he cries. The [illegible] captors down [illegible] escape

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE AWAKENING.

"What does he mean, Karl?" asked Ivora, as the delirious speaker paused for a moment in his incoherent utterances.

"I cannot comprehend, dear sister. He is talking again. We may learn his secret yet."

"Aye, land! land!" continued Uncle Neptune; "but there is no sign of life. We cannot live here. Aye, Jason is dying. We will bury him on the topmost port of the island, where his grave—a boat! Alas! it is gone! Jack! where is Jack?"

His ravings then became untintelligible, and for several minutes he talked incoherently.

Meanwhile Karl, the exile, and his sister stood over him, their minds filled with conflicting emotions.

"He must have been with poor father!" Karl at last said, in a husky voice.

"And he has been with us so long without our dreaming of it."

"I know it. It is strange."

"Uncle Neptune, be calm now. It is Alfonso Lorraine's son who is speaking."

The words seemed to have a soothing effect upon the other, for his lips suddenly ceased to move and he gazed calmly into the face looking down into his.

"You were cast away with Alfonso Lorraine?" asked Karl.

"Aye, aye, sir

"From the merchant ship Aileen?"

"Ah, the old ship!"

"Charles Raynor commander?"

"Land, oh!" came from the lookout before the other could reply.

"Where away?" cried Karl, quickly.

"Directly ahead, sir!"

"Hard to the starboard, helmsman. We had better avoid this island, I think."

"But there is a fire on the shore, sir, and it seems to me like a signal of distress."

"We must be in the vicinity of the Isle of Pines, if I have not missed my reckoning. It can do no harm to go ashore, if we are careful not to run into a trap. By my faith, I believe I will."

Accordingly the order was given to lay to, and in less than an hour Karl, with half a dozen of his crew, was on his way to the island

The fire was still burning brightly, and as they approached the land they discovered two or three figures standing within the gleam of its flames.

Watching these closely, a cry of surprise suddenly left Karl's lips.

"Lads!" he exclaimed, with great excitement, "I believe one of them is Calvo. Aye, aye, and Ned is with him, and old Chris!"

No other incentive was needed to infuse new strength into the arms of the rowers, and a few minutes later the keel of the boat grated on the white sand.

They were met at the water's edge by the overjoyed castaways.

It would be difficult to tell which was the happier party.

"We feared you were all lost," said Karl. "You must tell us of your adventures, but we will wait until we get back to the Silversail. Ivora will be overjoyed to see you."

"We have had some narrow escapes, and even now the followers of Conrad are likely to appear upon our heels at any moment. But I forgot all that in the wonderful discovery which we have made. It will make you shout for joy."

"A discovery—what?"

"The survivors of the Aileen were cast away on this island—your father among them."

"What is that you say, Leon? Speak—quick! Don't keep me in suspense."

"It is true, Karl. On yonder height are the graves of two of her crew."

"And those?" asked Karl, scarcely above a whisper.

"Are Briggs and Lyon. There is a message chipped in a stone, which we have not been able to read in full. Perhaps you can."

"I must see it, Leon. Oh, if we are on the right track at last! How I tremble as I fear it will turn out as all of our efforts have so far."

Even had it been deemed expedient on account of the outlaws, it was too late in the day to visit the graves, as anxious as Karl was to learn the secret. Accordingly the little party returned to the Silversail, when it was quickly decided to anchor in sight of the island, and in the morning pay it a visit.

There was great rejoicing over the safe return of the rest, and together with the the good news they brought it was a happy occasion.

There was a startling surprise in store for all when Zack Deems beheld Ned.

At first he declared his victim's ghost had come to haunt him.

Then, when Ned told his story, Deems acknowledged his guilt at once, falling upon his knees at the other's feet.

He begged so piteously and seemed so sincere in his promises that no one had the heart to punish him. So he was allowed his freedom, upon his agreement of good behavior in the future. Perhaps his own conscience was the most severe judge.

Ralph had come on deck, but he felt very humble, and he held aloof from the rest, mentally saying to himself that if he ever got back to Gray Gull he would stay there

When their stories had been told, Karl and Ned, with Ivora and Leon, sought old Uncle Neptune.

He was sleeping complacently as they approached, but awoke at once.

"How are you feeling dear friend?" asked Karl, bending over him.

"Better," was the quick response, "but I have had a terrible dream. I thought I was cast away at sea with others, and that we were drifting we knew not whither. I cannot describe our sufferings to you."

"Well it is over and you are safe on shipboard. You have been ill, but you are better now. These are your friends and mine."

"This is Leon Calvo, whom I love like a brother. And this is an American like yourself. His name is Edgar Raynor, and——"

"Raynor!" cried the other. "That is my name—Charles Raynor, commander of the old ship Aileen."

Ned started forward, and then he paused to gaze with a wild, searching look upon the speaker, and then the truth burst upon his mind.

"Father!" he cried, and fell upon his bosom.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Slowly it all dawned upon the clouded mind of Charles Raynor, and he held his long-lost son to his breast, while the tears coursed down his cheeks like rain.

The others were so deeply affected that they had to turn away to conceal their emotion.

"I was blind not to have seen it," said Karl.

"To think," said Ivora, "that Ned's father was with us on that fearful voyage."

"And stranger still that we should have picked him up and kept him with us all the time without knowing or dreaming of the truth."

When Ned and his new-found father had grown calmer, Karl told the story of his own life, thus lifting the veil from the mystery of his course of action.

"Father," he began, "was direct heir to the throne of Brazil, in case of the death of Prince Pedro, the heir apparent.

"Prince Pedro and father were cousins, while they had a second cousin, Sancho de la Palma, who came next in the line of inheritance in case of their deaths.

"One morning Prince Pedro was found dead in the street, stabbed to the heart with a dagger which was known to belong to father.

"The news flew to every part of the city that father had killed the heir to Brazil's throne that he might wear the crown himself.

"Ivora and I were too young to know anything of the dreadful excitement that ensued, and how father, to save his life, was forced to flee the country.

"Mother told it all to us many times in the years after, and made us promise to clear poor father's name of the dishonor resting upon it.

"She believed him innocent, as many did, and that his cousin Sancho did the horrible deed. As if to prove his guilt the last had fled to parts unknown soon after the crime.

"Three years ago an old seaman sought me, bearing a message he had picked up on the shore of one of the West India islands. It had been written in father's hand, and the paper carefully sealed in a water gourd.

"This message went on to say that he had been on board a merchant ship named the Aileen, and that she had been lost, the crew and officers all perishing except the captain and three seamen.

"These four, with father, were adrift in a boat and were hopeless and nearly dead with thirst and hunger.

"The paper was signed with the names of the castaways, but that of the ship's commander I could not make out. The others were Jason Briggs, Elias Lyons, and John Weatherhorn, besides my father's signature.

"With this clue you may imagine I felt earnest to start in quest of poor father. Mother was suffering banishment and I was an exile, but he had friends enough to fit out the Silversail, and, accompanied by Ivora, I started on the almost hopeless search.

"I could find no trace of Jason Briggs and Elias Lyons, but after a year's going hither and thither, always with secrecy, for it would not do for my mission to be known, I found John Weatherhorn at Gray Gull.

"One of the castaways had been saved. But Mr. Weatherhorn was loath to speak of the affair, for he felt he had acted a guilty part, and he feared I would take advantage of anything I might learn of the matter.

"He did tell me at last, however, that the castaways had finally reached a small island, where they stayed for three years, finding barely enough to live upon.

"Briggs and Lyons died during the time, and were buried on the topmost part of the isle.

"One afternoon an empty boat drifted ashore, when the three survivors went nearly crazy over the discovery.

"I think John Weatherhorn must have lost his reason, for that night, under some strange impulse, he stole the boat and, leaving his cmopanions to their fate, rowed away, to be picked up at last by an American ship homeward bound.

"He could tell me no more. Now I hope and pray you can tell me the rest. What was father's fate? Can you tell me anything about him? I cannot tell my anxiety while I await your answer."

Captain Raynor slowly shook his head.

"My mind is not clear enough yet. It may all come to me in time. I hope it will. I will try and recall the awful past."

"We have seen the graves of Briggs and Lyons on the island," said Leon Calvo. There is an inscription which we read only in part. If that could be deciphered it might tell the story."

"We will visit the place in the morning," said Karl. "How nervous I am, but I am trying to prepare myself for the worst news possible."

As may be imagined, very much talking was done that night, and the past was reviewed time and again in detail.

Ned's mother, it seemed, had died when he was young, and he had been left in the charge of relatives when his father started on his last voyage.

These relatives died, and Ned was adopted by Zack Deems.

The memento given him by Mrs. Deems helped to refresh the memory of his father, who was gradually recalling the scenes of that sad period in their lives.

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As soon as it was light the next morning Karl, Leon, Ned and his father, with four of the sailors, started for the island.

It was a beautiful sunrise, but none of them thought of the surrounding scene as they hastened toward the lonely spot where rested the two castaways.

No signs of the rovers were to be seen, as strange as it seemed, so the little party made their way unmolested to the sacred spot.

Captain Raynor gazed upon the sad place with a wild, haggard look which frightened his companions.

At last he exclaimed:

"I remember! I remember! Alfonso Lorraine and I buried these poor fellows here. Then Jack deserted us; and then Lorraine and I were taken off this island by Conrad the Corsair king. The prince was put to death by him, but I escaped by jumping into the sea."

Karl could not suppress a cry of grief.

"Poor father!" he moaned. "Read the inscription if you can, Leon. I cannot see for tears."

Calvo was no more successful than he had been before, and at last he was fain to give it up.

At that moment a cry was heard from one of the sailors, and glancing up the four saw a ship bearing down upon the Silversail with the speed of the wind.

"Sail—ho!"

"It is one of Conrad's vessels!" cried Karl. "He will overhaul the Silversail before we can get back. We are all lost!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE TURN IN THE ROAD.

Karl and his companions soon saw that they could not reach the Silversail in season to avoid the meeting with the stranger, which they knew too well was one of the corsair's cruisers.

"What will be Ivora's fate?" cried the distracted Karl. "Lost—all lost!"

"Look!" exclaimed Leon Calvo, "they do mistaken in supposing that France Lorraine had been put to death by Conrad, for through some whim of his the latter's life had been spared, while he had been kept a captive at the outlaw's main rendezvous. During the absence of the corsair chief the prisoner had escaped from his confinement, and, enlisting some of the corsairs in his interest, he had seized one of the brigs and left the island.

His was the second vessel Karl had seen the night before, thinking him for an enemy, and it was his sail Ned and Leon had seen from the island.

"I have another surprise for you, my son," he said. "Conrad is on the brig a captive. You left him in a sorry plight last evening. The Winged Wind went to the bottom of the sea, and we came along in season to pick up some of the survivors, the chief among them.

"He is Sancho de la Palma, and he has confessed to the killing of Prince Pedro."

"Then we can go home now, father? How glad will be mother's greeting."

"I say, officer!"

A happier crowd than that on the old Silversail it would be difficult to find. We will not attempt to describe it.

Within an hour the vessels were headed toward the homeland of the exiles.

Ned and his father had concluded to go with their officer and crew, after which they were to be taken to America.

How gladly the wife and mother hailed the safe return of her loved ones I need not tell. Many tears were shed, but they were tears of joy.

The surrender of Sancho de la Palma to the authorities and his confession cleared Prince Alfonso of all suspicion of guilt in the unhappy affair and he was received with open arms by every one, to be speedily given his rights.

When our Americans had witnessed their joy, and anticipated with them the happy future, they felt a longing to return to their own distant home.

"O, Karl! father at last."

not act very hostile. They are lowering a boat. What can they mean?"

"Row for your lives, lads!" commanded Captain Karl.

The passage to the Silversail was quickly made, but the strange boat was still ahead of them.

Still there was no show of hostility, and, wondering what it could mean, Karl climbed to the deck.

He paused with amazement at the sight which met his gaze.

He saw a tall, magnificent-looking man before him, and clasped in his arms was Ivora.

As she saw her brother she cried:

"Oh, Karl, father at last!"

Just what happened next was never clear to the overjoyed commander of the Silversail.

The newcomer was indeed his father.

It proved that Captain Raynor had been

Accordingly one fair morning the Silversail, under command of Captain Leon Calvo, set sail for her long voyage.

Ned parted with Ivora with reluctance, and he saw tears in her eyes, while he knew there were several in his own.

"I hope you will have a safe voyage," she said, "and you bear with you my best wishes. I shall always think of you with the highest degree of pleasure."

Then she silently clasped the hand of Captain Raynor, and then that of Ralph, saying:

"I trust you will profit by our experiences and become a useful citizen."

On another beautiful summer morn Gray Gull was surprised by the reappearance of the gallant Silversail, and there were many pleasant greetings for the returned wanderers.

Ned did not dwell upon the explanations which followed and the good wishes which Captain Calvo bore back for his friends and his sweetheart, the beautiful Ivora.

Jack Weatherborn of Gray Gull the boys back with a hearty gladness and expressed great joy at the story they had to tell.

Ralph was highly delighted to be on land, and, entering more earnestly upon the duties of life, became a respected man.

Captain Raynor had no further longings for the sea, and leaving Gray Gull for a more enterprising town, he went into business, taking Ned into partnership with him as soon as the latter had finished studies at school.

As may be imagined, his cruise on the Silversail was his only ocean voyage, and through the years which went again, he heard often from his far-away friends, their letters always bringing him pleasant memento of the Sunny Southland.

(The end.)

## The Cause of It.

"I noticed a decided coolness between you and Blanche last night."

"Yes; she sat on one side of her cousin from Boston and I on the other."

## THE GRAY VULTURE.

By John R. Musick.

The day was bright as Eden's dawn
The way a paradisal path;
No fairer flowers than shone on
Than strewed the early aftermath.
My soul was high with careless joy,
No care or sorrow see my path;
While all was bright I was gay
And thrust his beak into my heart.

I gave a shriek and fell to the earth;
For help I called—in vain did pray.
While with both hands I madly fought,
And strove to tear the bird away.
"We all in vain, but wearied tongue
Could not speak, escaped my heart;
And I on the cold earth lay strong
Must bear the loathsome poisonous dart.

At noon, at night, and early dawn
I battle with this monster gray;
Yet still he feeds my heart upon
And slowly eats my life away.
Oft, oft I've tried to end the case
Oh, can it from my side be torn
Oh that this mortal life would cease—
Or help me to tear the thorn.

Long years have passed, it still is there,
My hair is gray, my frame is weak,
My heart is bleeding, I despair,
Can dying help? Oh nature's beak.
Long have I prayed to Heaven for help,
And none received, my heart to save,
Ny earthly aid can to me come,
My only rest is in the grave.

## Jewish Longevity.

Probably few persons outside statistical circles are aware of the fact that the Jews are considerably longer-lived than any other civilized race. Of 100,000 Hebrews born on the same day there will be 50,684 males and 49,316 females. At the end of the first year the 100,000 Jewish infants will have established in a most remarkable way their superiority in point of vitality, for only 8,091 will have died, as compared with 14,192 in the English equivalent and 16,766 Americans. Striking as this difference is, it will be found to be practically maintained throughout the later stages of life. At the end of five years only 12,346 Jewish children out of the 100,000 will have died, while out of a similar number of English children 24,679 will be missing, the great majority, and America will still keep her bad preeminence with 28,913 ghetts. Making a leap to middle-age, the deaths at 50 years of age will have been 28,519 Jews, as compared with 49,979 English; and at the age of 65 the mortality returns will stand at 77,443 and 66,119, respectively. But the full force of the comparison is hardly seen until the point of extreme old age is reached. At 85 years no fewer than 25,135 of our Jews will be still living, while the survivors of the English band will be a meager 5,566. Besides the curious reversal of the usual proportion of males and females, there is another unique feature in the Jewish statistics. The general experience is that the average duration of life is higher with the female than with the male. The opposite is the case with the Jews. Of the 25,135 Jewish survivors at the age of 85 there will be 16,225 men and only 8,910 women, a percentage of 64.69 males and 35.40 females. The English experience shows that at that age 59.90 per cent of the survivals will be females and 40.10 males.

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## Beavers at Washington.

In the National Zoological garden at Washington, regular beaver colonies are now established, and they build dams, erect houses and carry on their engineering and life as if in their native woods. This most interesting animal is fast becoming extinct. In Europe but a few hundred individuals remain, and it is a subject of congratulation that such success has been attained with them in the American capital. They are becoming so tame that their wonderfully ingenious work can be watched by the visitors.

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## The Silly Poet.

A poet is a stupid duffer,
Wishful, that old bluffer,
Who, in tripping meter, said,
"Tell me where is fancy bred?"

Why we be not, by some bumpkin,
With a noddle like a pumpkin,
Some dense, undone Lunkin,
To the baker's window led
And told, "There is fancy bre(ad)"

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## THE NERVE OF FOLEY.

(Continued from page eleven.)

those who had been guilty of actual violence. The unfortunately barred Andy who, though not more guilty than many others, had been less prudent; and while we all felt sorry for him after the other boys had gone to work, Lancaster repeatedly and positively refused to reinstate him.

But several times I saw Foley and Cameron in confab, and one day up comes Foley to the superintendent's office, leading little Andy in his overalls, by the hand. They went in to Lancaster's office together, and the door was shut a long time.

When they came out little Andy had a piece of paper in his hand.

"Hang to it, sah," cautioned Foley; "but you can show it to Mr. Reid if you want to."

The youngster handed me the paper. It was an order directing Andrew Cameron to report to the master-mechanic for service in the morning.

I learned over at the roundhouse one day nearly a year later, when Foley came shoving Cameron a mile ahead, just in from the east. The two men were become great cronies; that day they fell to talking over the strike.

"There was never but one thing I really laid up against this man," said Cameron, smiling.

"What was that, Andy?" asked Foley.

"Why, the way you shoved that pistol into my face the night you took out No. 1."

"I never shoved any pistol into your face," he says, he stuck his hand in his pocket with the identical motion he used that night of the strike, and leveled at Andy, just as he had done then—a plug of tobacco. "That I'll swear to, you son; I never carried a pistol in my life."

Cameron looked at him in disgust, then he turned to me, with an intensely tired expression:

"I've seen a good many men, with a good many kinds of nerve, but I'll be splintered if I ever saw any one man with all kinds of nerve till I struck Foley."—Harper's Round Table.

## A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

(Continued from page seven.)

manded Smedley.

"He was the last person seen with the murdered man and he has fled from home. Besides, his hat was found in the hands of the man he killed."

"Fled from home," echoed Smedley; "why, he is now on his way to New York to take possession of a fortune of nearly a million which we had left him by Uncle Silas. Murder? Murder? Hardly!"

The sheriff dropped limply into a chair.

"If you what we say," said Smedley, "March has probably read the papers and knows that he is suspected. He very properly refuses to show himself until he can prove his innocence. Now, you stay here and say we'll produce him sooner than all your deputies could do the job. Then you can go back to Sandhill and tell them."

"I'll do as you say," replied the sheriff, glancing uneasily at a pocket-book full of money or no money, I'll tell you right now, that there is a mighty strong case against Elder Marsh."

The police officer disappeared at a motion from Sandhill and the three men sat down to talk the matter over.

That story of married life and look will be concluded in next week's Ledger.

See our special subscription offer on page thirteen.

### Jamaica.

Jamaica is a British island paradise lying 150 miles south of Cuba, and having a population of 700,000, mostly negroes. It is described by the Rev. Matthew Albert Neil Shaw as "an island as green as an emerald, surrounded by and elevated above a sea as blue as indigo, all around the sides of which there are signs of the native and non-beautiful harbors in the world, fringed by a silvery-lined beach, on which the gentle but steadily rolling waves die in snowlike foams, leaving as they recede the specimens of shells and other marine curiosities." There are several mountain ranges, the highest point of which is the Blue Mountain peak, 7,730 feet above the sea. Between these ridges are plains, where, and only there, in these valleys and on these plains vegetation is luxurious. The orange, the lime, the mango, the guava, star apple, rose apple, cusada, cocoa, coffee, the yam, in all its species, including the ivory, palmetto and the great king palm—"one leaf of which will shelter twenty persons from the rain"—and the sugar cane, all grow in profusion. All these natural advantages are, however, in deep contrast with the economical and social conditions. The island is suffering from an apparently incurable commercial paralysis. Little money is in circulation, and there is no employment for hundreds of thousands of the people. The parchment of trade he attributes to the enforced abandonment of the sugar factories and coffee plantations, necessitated by England's free trade policy in its mother-land to the island. The people of Jamaica cannot compete with those of Germany and other countries which have elaborate modern machinery for their work. The consequence is that their own market is monopolized by foreigners, while they are prevented from taking advantage of other markets by high protective duties. British statesmen are seeking some solution of these trying difficulties.

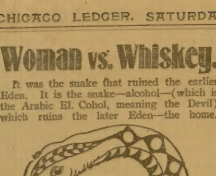
A fine CAMERA given FREE with every yearly subscription to the Chicago Ledger. See our special offer on page thirteen.

### Overlooked.

Possibly Aguinaldo feels slighted because he failed to receive a copy of the czar's peace proposal.

## Woman vs. Whiskey.

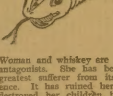
It was the snake that ruined the earlier Eden. It is the snake—alcohol—(which is the Arabic El. Cohol, meaning the Devil) which ruins the later Eden—the home.



Woman and whiskey are natural antagonists. She has been the greatest sufferer from its influence. It has ruined her home, destroyed her children, blighted her life. Women organized the first effectual movement against intemperance. Women have prayed and pald and stayed through all successive temperance movements. It is woman who must meet this new aggression of alcohol against the peace and purity of the home.

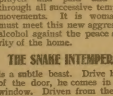
### THE SNAKE INTEMPERANCE

is a subtle beast. Drive him out of the door, he comes in at the window. Driven from the cellar, from the sideboard, from the kitchen, he now returns wearing



the "livery of heaven," masked as a medicine, and recommended as a remedy for human ills.

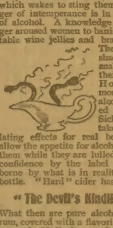
It is the opinion of eminent physicians that alcohol has done its deadliest work in this disguise. Sick people are weak, and alcohol finds them an easy prey. They warm in their bosoms the serpent which wakes to sting them. The danger of intemperance is in the first use of alcohol. A knowledge of this danger aroused women to banish from their table wine jellies and brandy sauces.



They saw the shadow of the snake fall on their children. How much more perilous is alcohol disguised as medicine! Sick people mistake its stimulating effects for real benefit. They allow the appetite for alcohol to grow on them while they are lulled into a false confidence by the label "medicine" borne by what is in reality a whiskey bottle. "Hard" cider has been called

### "The Devil's Kindling Wood."

What then are pure alcohol, whiskey and rum, covered with a flavoring of some herb or root? Medical men of large experience have said that alcohol in the guise of various patent medicines is one of the most



prolific causes of intemperance. It sows the alcohol craving, and it does this in the very homes where every door is supposed to be closed to liquor. Now alcohol is to be used in patent medicines.

### Let the Mask be Torn Off.

As "VOICE," the leading temperance journal says:

"Compel every patent medicine manufacturer to put on the wrapper of his bottle the quantity of alcohol it contains."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are absolutely free from alcohol in any form and yet preserve their healing qualities under all conditions. The safety and sanctity of the home demand that women shall once more rally for the new crusade against whiskey medicines.

## TIMOTHY'S STOMACH.

The advice given to Timothy to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake" has been a favorite excuse of those who felt the need of offering an apology for the use of intoxicants. As a matter of fact there is nothing to show that the wine advised for Timothy's stomach was alcoholic, or anything else than the pure unfermented grape juice, the common "wine" of every day use. But however that may have been, it remains true that it has been established by the most eminent physiologists that there is nothing that alcohol can do for the body which cannot be better done by something else, and that even alcoholic medicines are as unsanitary as they are unsafe. Apart from the danger of establishing the alcohol habit, the use of alcoholic medicines is a positive injury to the stomach in every case where the digestive and nutritive system is enfeebled.

### "STOMACH TROUBLE."

What is popularly called "stomach trouble" or "weak stomach" is a condition in which the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are performing their work partially and imperfectly. The stomach is the power house of the body. It is there that the energy is created which becomes the vital force in man. It is by the stomach and its allied organs that the food which is eaten is converted into nourishment, and that the great form of nourishment required by the several organs is thence distributed to the various parts of the body. The brain, the nerves, the spinal cord, must have their supply of phosphorus. The bones must have their lime. The blood must have its several salts all duly proportioned with relation to their health promoting office. Between the stomach, therefore, and disease at the very root of the tree of health. "Weak" stomach must do weak work and it does. It does not provide sufficient nourishment for the several organs of the body. It does not prepare even what it provides. Sometimes it almost entirely fails to separate some of the required elements. The nerves for example go without their phosphates. Or the blood is deficient in necessary salt. Then the nerves cry out in their starvation and their cry is *pain*. It may be head pain, heart pain, back pain, or pain in any form, but if pain that pain back to its cause you'll find the stomach is not doing its work properly. You'll never cure the pain until you cure the stomach where the cause of the trouble lies. That is the first step to cure in the first dose of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Now in view of these facts look at the effect of whiskey medicines. The poor stomach is overwhelmed but spurred into action. It needs to be fed but it is flogged with

### A WHISKEY WHIP.

It goes on a little faster for a time, but stumbling and staggering like an exhausted horse goaded toward the goal by whip and spur. Look at the fact in this light. Suppose your horse "picks up" a stone or a nail and begins to limp and go slowly. Will you get the whip out and lash him till he runs? You know that would ruin him, probably lame him for life. What you will do is to get down and examine the horse's foot and remove the cause of lameness. That's the way to treat the stomach. Its no use to spur it with alcohol, or whip it with whiskey medicines, which may ruin it for life. The cause of the trouble must be removed and then the stomach will take care of itself.

### COMMON SENSE TREATMENT.

It is in perfectly removing the cause of disease that the great temperance medicine, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, stands superior to all other medicines designed to restore the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition to their normal action, and to purify the blood and increase it both in quantity and quality. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures diseases of heart, lungs, blood, liver, nerves and other organs many times when nothing else will reach the case, and when the best doctors are entirely baffled. It effects these cures by curing the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Clean bread can't be made by dirty hands. If the stomach is foul the nourishment it distributes must be foul also, and that foulness is a poison which infects the blood and through it attacks the weak spot in any vital organ. In this way Golden Medical Discovery actually purifies the blood by removing the cause of impurity. It increases the blood supply by increasing the activity of the blood-making glands.

### "WEAK LUNGS."

There are thousands of people who have what is popularly termed "weak lungs." From these thousands are drawn the recruits for that doomed army of consumptives whose slaughter, year after year, makes the bloodiest battle field seem tame and trivial. What "weak lungs" need is strength, and strength comes to the parts of the body as it comes to the whole body, by food and nourishment. For its food value people drink the nauseous cod liver oil or the modified nastiness of its emulsions. This may be of some sort as it goes, but it never seems to go far enough to reach the diseased lungs. The necessity for the lungs is a rich stream of pure blood. The blood is the builder. If the loss of blood weakens the blood, surely nothing can so strengthen it. Every requirement of blood-making and body-building is filled by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The use of this remedy has produced the most wonderful cures when the doctors had said there was neither hope nor help. Men and women suffering with chronic coughs, bleeding of the lungs, obstinate, lingering coughs, diseases which if neglected or actively treated lead on to consumption have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." If you have "weak lungs" or bronchitis" should decline to accept as long as this medicine is within easy reach. It is not a cure-all. It cures many forms of disease, because these various forms of disease have one common origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, with the natural consequence of a body insufficiently nourished and a deteriorated and tainted blood supply.

The record of "Golden Medical Discovery" warrants the statement that there is nothing "just as good." It will be to your results which follow that you will owe it if you can't have them unless you use that medicine. Therefore refuse all substitutes.

### THE TESTIMONY OF THOUSANDS

can be produced to prove the marvelous efficiency of the "Discovery." The following are only specimens of the thousands of letters on file:

Abram Freer, of Sycamore, De Kalb Co., Ills., writes: "My wife has had a severe attack of pleurisy and lung trouble; the doctors gave her up to die. She commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery" as she began to improve from the first dose. By the time she had taken eight or ten bottles she was cured, and it was the cause of a large amount being sold here. I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the best medicine in the world for lung trouble."

Mrs. L. Hedgecoke, of Dozier, Collingsworth Co., Texas, writes: "I was troubled for seven or eight years with indigestion and liver complaint, and received more benefit from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' than any medicines I have ever tried."

### YOU CAN WRITE

to Doctor Pierce if you are sick and consult him by letter, absolutely without fee or charge. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers are sent in plain envelopes, bearing on them no printing of any kind. Address as below.

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# A MARVELIOUS WOMAN.

(Continued from page five.)

"I will go now and see if my father has returned," he added. "I have but twenty-four hours' leave of absence and, therefore, must be in Paris by to-morrow."

At that moment Marguerite's maid entered and informed Armande that the count had returned and was in the library.

Armande proceeded to the library and met his father at the door.

"My own dear boy, I had just learned of your arrival and was going to seek you," said the latter.

"My God, father! How you also have changed!" exclaimed Armande.

The Count de Kercheval started.

"Yes, yes," he hastily replied. "I suppose worrying over Marguerite has told upon me, for, you know, I am no longer a young man."

"There appears to me to be grave reason indeed for anxiety about Marguerite," said Armande, gravely. "She is most sadly changed, and looks to me in very bad health."

"She had a fainting spell about a week ago, when she parted with the Marquis St. Maur, and has not been well since," said the count, hesitatingly.

"What do you mean, father?" cried Armande. "Why should parting with the Marquis St. Maur so seriously affect my sister?"

The Count de Kercheval proceeded to explain, while Armande de Kercheval's face grew paler and graver.

"Oh, father, could she not have been spared this?" he cried, when the count had finished.

"Alas! I never thought of such a termination to their intercourse," said the Count de Kercheval. "It never occurred to me that she would fall in love again so soon."

"She never loved that villain," said Armande de Kercheval, sternly. "And even had she loved him, what woman's love could survive such heartless, dastardly treatment? It seems incredible to me, sir, that a human being, even though he be an outlaw and a bandit, can be so merciless, so diabolically vindictive as this fellow appears. To blight the life of an innocent girl to avenge the killing in self-defense of one of his men. Why, 'tis the work of a fiend!"

The Count de Kercheval looked at his son with eyes full of a strange fear.

"Let us not talk of it, Armande," he murmured, with pale lips. "Let us forget it all, for a time, if we can. Let us speak of yourself. Tell me of Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont, your betrothed."

"Alas! It seems to me heartless and selfish to be so happy myself when my poor sister is so wretched," said Armande de Kercheval, sadly.

"Armande, you must not allow such morbid ideas to take possession of you," said the Count de Kercheval, quickly. "No one rejoices more at your happiness than Marguerite. And what a consolation to me is the knowledge that your future will be bright with sunlight. This Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont to whom you are affianced (and, by the way, the name Beaumont is not unknown to me, your mother had a governess by that name), she is beautiful and—rich?"

"Yes," replied Armande, "but her wealth is the one cloud upon my happiness."

"I fear, my dear Armande, that you are Quixotic," said the Count de Kercheval, with a forced, sickly smile.

"I would not designate my feelings in the matter," said Armande, gravely. "But, fortunately, I need never be dependent upon my wife's fortune. I never until now so rejoiced that I have a fortune of my own. But for this fact, dearly as I love Helene, I would never have asked her to become my wife. And it is upon the subject of my fortune, father, that I desire to speak with you."

The Count de Kercheval gave a slight start, and his eyes sought his son's face with a quick look of inquiry and then were lowered.

"Yes?" he said, in a low voice.

"I want to plead with Helene to become my wife very soon," continued Armande. "I do not think she will refuse me. But my present allowance hardly warrants my marrying. What I desire to ask you, father, is this: Is there any way in which I could come into possession of my fortune now?"

The long waxen fingers of the Count de Kercheval closed convulsively about the arm of the chair upon which his hand rested. It was a moment or so before he replied. Armande watched him eagerly, imagining that he was considering how his, Armande's, request might be granted.

"No," said the Count de Kercheval, at length, and his lips were white as he spoke. "It is impossible. You know the terms of your mother's will, that you and your sister are not to come into possession of your fortunes until you have reached the age of twenty-five."

Armande sighed.

"And I shall not be twenty-five for one whole year," he murmured.

"Armande, listen to me," said the Count de Kercheval, in a voice of such passionate eagerness that his son glanced at him in surprise. "If you allow such Quixotic ideas to stand in the way of your happiness you will commit what may prove to be a fatal error. Happiness is now within your reach, grasp it or it may elude you. I will double your allowance for this year. Make this woman, whom you say you love so passionately, your wife at the earliest possible moment."

He leaned back in his chair and passed his handkerchief over his pale face. He was evidently struggling to control some strong emotion.

"I will," replied Armande de Kercheval, whom the words and manner of his father deeply impressed. "A year is an eternity to wait when a man loves as madly as I. And should anything happen that I lost her," and her lips grew white, "life would be over and done for me."

A long, long sigh of relief left the pale lips of the Count de Kercheval.

The next day Armande returned to Paris.

## CHAPTER XIX.

After the departure of his son the Count de Kercheval summoned old Jean, the steward.

"Jean, is it possible to raise any more money on the land?" he asked, abruptly.

The old man looked at him sadly and shook his head.

"It is quite impossible, Monsieur le Comte," he replied. "I can hardly manage to meet the interest now," he added.

The Count de Kercheval began to walk restlessly up and down the room.

"I might cut some of the timber," he muttered, "but by so doing I would betray myself, and it is therefore out of the question. But that money I must have."

He suddenly paused before a safe which stood in a corner of the library. He unlocked the safe and took out a large jewel case. In a few moments he turned and came to where Jean stood. He held in his hand a diamond necklace with a pendant of sapphires and emeralds.

"Jean," he said, "I want you to go to Paris and raise some money on this necklace. I must have money, man," he cried, wildly, as the old steward's eyes dwelt upon him sadly, reproachfully. "I have promised Armande to double his allowance this year in order that he may marry Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont, to whom he is recently betrothed. She is rich and, once married to her, all will be well with Armande. This necklace, which, as you know, belonged to my wife and is now Marguerite's, is very valuable. Some day I shall redeem it, but I must have that money now. As soon as you have obtained the money, go to the apartments of Monsieur Armande and hand over to him the sum of 20,000 francs, which you will tell him I sent you to deliver into his hands. You understand, my good Jean?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Comte, I understand," replied the old steward. "It shall be done as you desire."

"Be ready, then, to start tomorrow morning for Paris," said the Count de Kercheval.

The old man moved toward the door, but paused, with his hand upon the knob, and looked back at the Count de Kercheval.

"How is Mademoiselle Marguerite today, Monsieur le Comte?" he asked.

"I think and hope she is somewhat stronger," replied the count.

"Monsieur le Comte," continued the old man, and his voice was low and faltering, "Fantine, Mademoiselle Marguerite's old nurse, comes frequently to the chateau to sit with Mademoiselle. Fantine was telling me yesterday that she often tries to divert and interest Mademoiselle Marguerite by relating to her incidents which happened years ago at the chateau. Some day, Monsieur le Comte, Fantine may relate to Mademoiselle Marguerite the sad story of Henri de Fontenelle and his beautiful young wife."

The Count de Kercheval gave a convulsive start and turned a wild look upon Jean. But the old man's eyes were bent upon the ground.

"Well?" muttered the count, hoarsely.

"I hope, Monsieur le Comte, you will not think me bold in calling your attention to this fact," continued the old steward, "but as Mademoiselle Marguerite is not strong I thought such sad stories might be hurtful to her."

It was a moment or so before the Count de Kercheval replied.

"You are quite right, Jean, and I thank you for your thoughtfulness," he said, at length. "I shall see that Fantine regales my daughter with no more reminiscences."

The old man bowed his white head and, without lifting his eyes, passed out of the room.

"He suspects or knows the truth," muttered the count. "But my secret is safe with faithful old Jean."

On the morning of the second day following Jean presented himself at the apartments of Armande de Kercheval in Paris, and was informed by the latter's valet that his master was at the home of Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont.

"Then I must seek him there, as my business with him is important and I wish to leave Paris in an hour," said Jean. "Will you kindly direct me to the home of Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont?"

The valet did so, adding:

"Have you ever seen the young lady Monsieur Armande is to marry, Jean?"

"No," replied Jean, "but perhaps I shall be so fortunate as to get a glimpse of her this morning, and Jean started for the house in the Shamps Elysees.

"I shall ask Monsieur Armande to let me have a look at the young lady who is to be his wife," he said to himself.

This thrillingly dramatic story of a man's love and a woman's vengeance will be continued next week. See our special subscription offer on page thirteen.

## Most Novel of Bridges.

"Speaking of bridges," said the solemn-faced man, "I think the most novel and original, and, for that matter, the most quickly constructed bridge I ever heard of was the one designed on the spur of the occasion by a friend with whom I was traveling, to connect the sides of a chasm which we desired to cross.

"When we came to the place where the bridge should have been we found that the bridge that had spanned this chasm had been carried away by some of the terrible gusts that swept down the treeless adjacent mountains. It seemed to me that there was nothing to do but to go back and go around another way, about fourteen miles further, but my friend was quite equal to the emergency. We were packing with us a piece of brown cotton cloth, forty-four and a half yards. The chasm was thirty feet wide.

"We took that piece of cotton cloth and doubled it into four folds, which, you see, folded it up into a length of thirty-four feet one and one-half inches. When we arrived there the wind was blowing a gale square across the chasm. The weather was the coldest I ever knew.

"My friend took that piece of cotton cloth, doubled it as I have told you, and then loosely folded over on itself for convenience in carrying to a warm spring near by, with the situation of which it seems he was acquainted, and dipped it in the water. He kept it there until it was thoroughly saturated, meanwhile explaining to me his plan of operations.

"When it was all soaked we took the cloth to the edge of the chasm and stood facing each other, he with his right arm extended toward me and I with my left arm extended toward him, our hands meeting and the two arms bowed slightly, with the bowed side upward, like a flattened arch. Then we took that soaking wet bundle of cloth and drew one end of it across that arch, each of us holding a corner down with his free hand, and then we cast the rest of the cloth loose. The gale blew the cloth out straight across the chasm and it froze stiff as a board as it went. The other end fell on the opposite edge of the chasm and we set our end down on this. It had shrunk a little, of course, in freezing, and was now thirty-four feet scant, thus giving a trifle less than two feet over at each end, a pretty narrow margin; but my friend hadn't dared fold the cotton into three lengths for fear that that would not make the bridge stout enough to bear our weight.

"So there we had over this thirty-foot chasm a bridge that was in shape like an enlarged telescopic coal chute, such as they use on coal wagons in the city, turned with the curved side upward; a bridge planned, constructed and put up in about thirty minutes. It was slippery, and we put the wrong side up for safety; but we each had new arctics with very much corrugated soles, and by using great care we managed to get across all right.

"Then we pulled the bridge over and carried it along with us on our shoulders the way you would a canoe, to the house of the man where we were going. We stood it upon end against the side of that man's house, and left it there. We didn't need the cloth right away and we left it there to thaw out and got our friend to fold it up then and send it along by a man that was coming our way."

## Dry Air Dangerous.

People who heat their homes with stoves should always be careful to see that a vessel of water is on the stove. Without this the heat is perfectly dry and is productive of evil results.

The vapor coming from a small quantity of water is sufficient to absorb a great many impurities that would otherwise be inhaled by the inmates. Dry heat irritates the throat. It produces such ailments as tonsolitis, which can develop into diphtheria with but little effort. Many cases of catarrh have been created because there was no water on the stove.


# Women Save Drunkards

**Mixed a Remedy in His Coffee and Food and Cured Him Without His Help or Knowledge.**

It takes a woman to overcome obstacles. Mrs. Chas. W. Harry, 920 York St., Newport, Ky., has for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privation due to her husband's drinking habits.

MRS. CHAS. W. HARRY.

Learning there was a cure for drunkenness which she could give her husband secretly she decided to try it. She mixed it in his food and coffee and as the remedy is odorless and tasteless he never knew what it was that so quickly relieved the craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up in flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly and they now have a happy home. Mr. Harry was told about his wife's experiment and he gives her the credit of having restored him to his senses. It is certainly a remarkable remedy, cures a man without his effort, does him no harm and causes him no suffering whatever.

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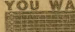

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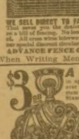


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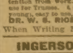

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# THE PASSING SHOW.

## The Glasgow Exposition.

The site of the Glasgow exhibition of 1901 is, as was the case in 1888, to be Kelvingrove park, which by horse car is about twenty miles west of the center of the city. In all it covers sixty-seven acres, and its appropriation has been agreed to by the corporation. It is beautifully situated and still in classic Kelvingrove, though the expansion of the residential districts around it has been amazingly rapid. A new bridge over the Kelvin 1,200 feet long will be inclosed, and on it will be provision for motor boats and other moving shipbuilding exhibits. The width is 90 feet, the depth about 6 feet. As the case on the last occasion, the slopes of Gilmore hill will be utilized in the transformation of the park into an ideal pleasure ground. Crowning the hill is the university, which is another evidence of the civic spirit which prevails in the second city of the empire. To make that building worthy of the place the community subscribed £116,000 to the fund at the disposal of the authorities, and the reward is an educational institution of not only rare beauty but sound organization. Byres road, to it and Dumbarton road, with the Kelvin in the hollow, is another proof of the generosity of our merchant princes.

## Retirement of Gen. Gomez.

It does not appear that the results of the action taken by the Cuban assembly in impeaching General Gomez and forcing his retirement from the command of the native army are likely to be at all serious.

The assembly is self-constituted authority, which has never been officially recognized by the United States government. General Gomez, indeed, bows to it "as the supreme power" administering the affairs of the Cuban people, but the general himself is in a position which can hardly be affected seriously by any nominal deference paid to the assembly. He is recognized by the United States as authoritative leader in Cuban affairs. He has the confidence and affection of the Cubans, and the government at Washington has gladly availed itself of his services to assist General Brooke in paying the $3,000,000 to the disbanded Cuban soldiers. He has the good-will and support of a great majority of the army, to say nothing of the popularity which he may acquire incidentally as a potent factor in the distribution of the American money. In impeaching him because he would not lend his support to some of the financial schemes devised by the assembly for the purpose of raising a loan on a bonded indebtedness the assembly has merely injured its own status both with the United States government and with the Cuban people themselves.

Self-Evident.

"I know why people laugh in their sleeves."
"Why?"
"Cos that's where the funny bone is."

After the last exhibition there was a clear surplus of £54,000, which was made the basis of a fund for the erection of fine art galleries. Accumulated interest and subscriptions swelled the fund to the extent of £74,566, and the part of the ground to be devoted to the fair the fine art galleries are now nearly completed. The total estimated cost is about £175,000, and the balance is almost sure to be forthcoming. Altogether the exhibition buildings will cover about sixteen acres.

## Spain Delays the Treaty.

Spain's $20,000,000 of indemnity for the Philippines is ready for payment whenever Spain ratifies the treaty and announces its willingness to bring the affair to a close. Apparently the Cortes, by its hostility to Sagasta and the treaty, has now succeeded in preventing the ratification and the acceptance of the much-needed money for several months. The Spanish fire-eaters and brave soldiers who staid at home are bent on court-martialing all the generals and admirals who did any real fighting, and incidentally they have overthrown the Sagasta cabinet and compelled a new election. The vote that startled Sagasta into resigning was one by which only two votes were lacking to defeat the treaty and adopt a substitute measure of some impossible kind. So the queen Regent is compelled to dissolve the Cortes.

## From the Cradle to the Grave.

And now there is a coffin trust. These combinations are not only going to make it hard to live, they are going to make it hard to die. They intend to follow a man just as far as they can.

## Driving Back the Filipinos.

With the re-enforcements that have just reached him, General Otis is losing no time in pushing back the lines of the natives around Manila. General Wheaton's brigade began operations yesterday morning, and in the afternoon he had driven the insurgents out of the territory lying to the south of the Pasig river between Manila and Laguna de Bay. If this position can be maintained Aguinaldo's force to the south of the city will be completely cut off from his men in Cavite province, where his chief strength lies.

It is a difficult country to patrol, and it is entirely possible that the Filipinos will creep back into it again; but if a sufficient force can be found to separate Aguinaldo permanently from his Cavite adherents the end may not be far off. He is not well liked among the Tagalos from the northern end of the island, and he has many rivals in that section. The importance of yesterday's operations, therefore, may be very great if we hold the advantage already gained.

Aguinaldo is a native of Cavite, and in that province he has his most faithful followers. To cut him off from them is to cripple him materially.

## Telephone Trust.

The tendency toward trusts among industrial enterprises is strikingly illustrated in the present movement in the so-called independent telephone manufacturing field, having for its object a combination of the companies engaged in this industry.


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